Harper's Weekly
A Journal of Civilization.

Vol. XXXI.—No. 1594.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1887.
TEN CENTS A COPY.
$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
Copyright, 1887, by Harper & Brothers.

PUNCH AND JUDY.—Drawn by F. Barnard.—[See Page 486.]

"Harper's Young People is a capital magazine for children."—*Court Circular, London.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly.

In the number issued July 5 is given the second of the four papers on

BICYCLING IN WILD LANDS,

By THOMAS STEVENS,

Author of "Around the World on a Bicycle."

Mr. James Dwight *concludes his article on "Lawn-Tennis for Young Players" with some remarks on "The Double Game."*

"The Story of a Senate Page" is the title of a two-part story begun in this number.

"Full Sail" is a pretty full-page drawing by Rosina Emmett, *and the front-page illustration is from the pencil of* J. Carter Beard.

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on application.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, July 9, 1887.

AN IMPORTANT STATEMENT.

A TABLE of changes in the national civil service has been lately published, which, if accurate, is extremely important, and if seriously inaccurate should be authoritatively corrected. The table has been widely reproduced to the injury of the Administration, and if it be accurate it is very significant. The number of employés of the government of all kinds contained in the official register is about 115,000 or 120,000. Of these about 14,000 are included in the classified service, which covers about 5650 places in the departments at Washington, and 8263 in the postal and customs service elsewhere, distributed among twenty-eight post-offices and eleven custom-houses. Outside of the classified service all the minor places are held at the pleasure of certain superior officers, mainly postmasters, collectors of customs and internal revenue, surveyors, and other port officers, marshals, district attorneys, and land officers. These are the effective agents when the service is made a political machine, and upon them a very large proportion of the subordinate places depend. To effect a clean sweep, therefore, a change of a certain number and class of officers only is necessary. JEFFERSON, in his famous letter to DUANE in 1803, in which he explains his apparent slowness in making changes, points out that in the State of Pennsylvania there were only eight officers subject to his nomination, and that of these five were in Jeffersonian and three in Federalist hands. But he adds that the five Jeffersonians have the appointment of every subordinate officer, while the Federalists "cannot appoint even their own clerks." The change of a few chief officers is equivalent to the change of hundreds of minor officers.

The number of chief officers, including the 52,000 or 53,000 fourth-class postmasters, Presidential postmasters, collectors, land officers, and many others, according to the table now published, is about 56,134. Of these, according to the table, there have been 47,992 changes. The changes cover deaths, resignations, justifiable dismissals, and expirations of terms. Looking at the table as published more closely, of the fourth-class postmasters, who are 52,609 in number, and who hold at the pleasure of the Postmaster-General, about 44,000 are reported to have been changed. In the remainder of these offices the emolument is so small that they are not sought or desired, and it is often difficult to find persons who are willing to take them. It follows that in that system of offices which is universally diffused throughout the country, and which is the most effective part of the whole machine of patronage, a practically complete change, according to this table, has been already effected. Of the 2359 Presidential postmasters, who have a term of four years, a very inconsiderable number, so far as known, have been reappointed, and all but 300 or 400 have been changed. Of 111 collectors of customs, who have the same term, 100 have been changed. These are illustrations of the statements published. If true, they are also precedents. If the statement regarding the fourth-class post-offices is proximately accurate, there has been a clean sweep of that service in two years. If that be possible under an Administration whose head is sincerely interested in reform, what is to prevent a similar sweep under any successor; and where, then, so far as this matter is concerned, is the gain for reform?

Great changes, indeed, were fairly to have been expected. Even a division of the service between the parties, although a procedure not justifiable by the principles of reform, might have been accepted as, under the circumstances, an expedient compromise. But the table which has been published, if not altogether incorrect, shows that by the close of the term of the Administration the civil service will be as completely partisan as under any recent Administration. This situation, indeed, would have been no better under a Republican Administration, as experience has shown. But the President, strong as he is in the confidence of the country personally, and in the general character of his administration, would have been still stronger if he had insisted in every department of the government that when an equitable partition of the service between the parties had been secured, political removals should cease. The result of this course would have been much more than a party or personal advantage. Assuming the correctness of the table, if the changes had stopped when the equilibrium had been reached, the Republican taunts at "the reform Administration" would have been silenced; the Democratic Bourbons would have been no more dissatisfied than they are now; the general feeling of the country toward the Administration would have been still more friendly; and after another term, in which changes would have been made only for good reasons, the reformed system would have been intrenched in public favor so strongly that no President would have dared to disturb it. The papers which published the table have given no authority for it, but we have observed no denial of its accuracy, and there has long been a surmise that changes in the service have gone quite beyond an equitable distribution between the parties—a course which, as we said, would have seemed, as an expedient, reasonable to the public mind. If the report of this wholesale change be untrue, the fact should be made known. If it be true, the fact is for every reason to be deeply regretted.

THE VATICAN AND DR. McGLYNN.

THE attitude of Dr. McGLYNN toward the chief authorities of his Church has been long one which those authorities could not tolerate without fatally impairing their prestige. The Vatican condemned certain politico-economical views taught by Dr. McGLYNN, and cited him to appear at Rome to defend and explain them. The Doctor denied the right of the Vatican to interfere with his conduct as a citizen so long as he taught nothing contrary to the teachings of the Christian religion or to natural morality; and at last he described the Vatican, or the highest official authority of his Church, as "the Roman machine," which he ridiculed and contemned, declaring, according to the report, that nothing he might say in explanation or defence of his views "could have any effect in diminishing the stupidity, in enlightening the gross ignorance, or bending the obstinacy of that machine"; and the last words of his interview, as reported, express a contemptuous defiance.

"The engineers of the Roman machine, who are profiting by its power and its emoluments, are really laughing in their sleeves at us for our excessive submissiveness to their power, and for our excessive generosity in contributing the Peter's-pence for the support of the whole army of lackeys and flunkies, both lay and cleric, who surround the Pope with a barbaric pomp scarcely equalled by that of any imperial despotic court."

This is not the defiance of a solitary priest. A telegram, expressed in the most magnifying strain so far as numbers are concerned, was addressed at the same time to Cardinal SIMEONI at Rome—"One hundred thousand Catholics in mass-meeting in this city, Saturday, June 18, have denounced the threatened excommunication of Dr. McGLYNN, with whom they are prepared to stand, and protested against ecclesiastical interference with the political rights of American citizens." This is unquestionably significant, although, according to the report, there were not one hundred thousand persons at the meeting. The issue is plain. "It is surely permissible," says Dr. McGLYNN, a priest of the Roman Church, "to criticise the administration of Church authorities, and to refuse obedience when they strain their authority." But Mr. COUDERT, also a member of that Church and an accomplished lawyer, says of the priest's vow of obedience: "From this vow there are no exceptions. In it there are no reservations. It is absolute." Dr. McGLYNN asserts the right to determine for himself the scope of his vow. This is, of course, subversive of the discipline of his Church. It is simply the extreme right of private judgment. He will submit in those things in which he thinks he ought to submit. But there is no minister of any Church who would not concede as much as that.

There can be but one result of such a controversy, so far as Dr. McGLYNN is concerned. He will certainly be no longer accepted as a minister of the Roman Church. But his formal excommunication would be due probably to contumacy rather than to the teaching of erroneous economical doctrines. It would alienate from the Church, at least in feeling, a considerable number of his adherents, and it would apprise the Roman Church, with emphasis, of what has long been evident here, that the contact of the Church with the American spirit and American institutions necessarily affects its influence. It is impossible that an ecclesiastical institution not native to the country nor congenial to the distinctive genius of the American people should remain unchanged amid the vast and constant development of political and social institutions with which it has no vital sympathy. The McGLYNN incident is the first signal illustration of this discord. It elicits such a defiant message to the Vatican as was never before sent across the ocean, and it involves the one race among the population which almost universally belongs to the Roman Church. Wholly apart from the occasion of the difference with Rome, the tone and the support of the controversy, the bitter and taunting description of the central organization of Roman ecclesiasticism, make the incident both interesting and significant.

FROM OHIO.

A RECENT telegram from Ohio to the New York *Tribune* states that Mr. SHERMAN'S speech to the potters at East Liverpool, in that State, was an unequivocal presentation of tariff principles, but that the hearers were greatly disappointed because the Senator said nothing of the return of rebel flags, and they "were surprised to hear him compliment the industrial growth of the South." Major McKINLEY, however, made amends. He aroused immense enthusiasm by denouncing the rebel flag order, and by the suggestion that Congress should regulate national and Congressional elections. Meanwhile a letter from an Ohio Republican, as old and devoted and sincere as Senator SHERMAN or Major McKINLEY, presents another view, and speaks for a Republican conviction and intelligence to which the attempted partisan use of the flag incident is merely contemptible. We commend this timely and thoughtful letter, written not by a mugwump, but by an original Republican, to the careful consideration of Ohio Republicans:

"There is danger, I fear, of *Ohio* Republicanism becoming at least unpatriotic. It is true, the relations of the races at the South are not yet satisfactorily settled; the black race is often not permitted to vote. It is true, also, that the Constitution gives to it the ballot. But it is equally true that the higher law of self-preservation will not permit this ballot to be so used as to endanger civilization. The conflict is flagrant, and for the time being the Constitution yields to the higher law. But this is only a transitional state. Time will cure it. Gradually the negro is becoming more intelligent; gradually the white vote divides and solicits the black vote—notably on the liquor issue. On these lines the race question is satisfactorily settling itself. Outside interference only delays, embarrasses. Meanwhile the negro is doing well—doing better than the white laborer of Northern cities. The hue and cry on this subject in the interest of the black race is unwise; in the interest of the nation, unpatriotic. Can the Republican party afford to stand in the way of national harmony?

"Again, the CLEVELAND flag business is a mistake. When Northern and Southern soldiers are fraternizing and exchanging flags, the act has a meaning and a value. But the President's interposition, in response to no call, suggests a partisan motive and provokes partisan reprisal. But does this excuse, much less justify, a fierce outburst of sectional hate, especially when the South is innocent of all initiative in this matter? Does it call for the flaunting of the trophies of conquest? The law of Rome that prohibited triumphs to victors in civil conflict is founded on principles of sound statesmanship. Is it necessary for the life of the Republican party to keep alive sectional resentments? The glory of the Republican party is that it saved the Union: when it stands in the way of that Union its glory has departed, it has outlived its usefulness. Pause, Senator SHERMAN; pause, Governor FORAKER.

"In the matter of reform of the civil service Ohio is behind her sister States of like intelligence. Our city Board of Public Affairs is wholly Republican, appointed by Governor FORAKER. They have not promptly removed all the Democratic employés and laborers. For this recreancy they are fiercely denounced by the Republican *Commercial Gazette* and all the Republican clubs. The majority yield. Messrs. SMITH and LEWIS alone assert their manhood. Mr. MOORE, the intelligent Superintendent of the Water-Works, asks the Board, 'Shall I remove an officer whose long experience and skill are indispensable?' 'Turn him out and put in a Republican,' is the brutal answer of General TOM YOUNG, of the Board, and late Governor of Ohio. The excuse for this is that the Democrats do the same thing. But if the Republican party is not to do better, what is the use of its existence? Now if SHERMAN'S candidacy for the Presidency is to rest on the platform thus indicated—a platform sectional and selfish—and if this is to be supplemented by a policy of high taxation on the necessaries of life, liberal expenditure, and free whiskey, what motive is there for an original Republican to supplant CLEVELAND?"

AN ANOMALY IN OUR POLITICAL SYSTEM.

GOVERNOR HILL is reported to have said of a recent bill passed by the Legislature, and submitted to him for his approval, that he should not sign it if no one favored it; that is to say, if no person or persons appeared in the Executive Chamber to urge him to approve the bill, it would not be approved. This remark of the Governor's seems to be inconsistent with the theory of the government of the State. The Legislature of the State, as the form of its enactments shows, is the authorized representation of the people of New York. They cannot meet in person and make laws, and they therefore elect representatives to enact their will in the form of law. Except the Legislature there is no other authorized representation of the popular will in legislation.

When, therefore, these authorized representatives, coming from every part of the State, and knowing the sentiments and wishes of its various constituency, enact a law, it is presumptively an expression of the popular will. It is all the people of the State of New York legislating in the only practicable way. When their will has been constitutionally expressed in the form of a law, what is meant by the Governor when he says, if he be correctly reported, that "I shall not sign the bill if no one favors it"? In the bill itself he has the lawful evidence that the people of New York favor it. So far as they are concerned, their immediate and authorized representatives have declared their will. It does not, indeed, become law until the Governor signs it. But when the representatives of the

whole people of the State approve a bill, how can he say that no one favors it? If the Governor's object be to ascertain the wishes of all the people, does he think that he will learn it more accurately by consulting half a dozen persons who are either self-appointed representatives of the people or the delegates of a few hundreds of them? Would he think it the duty of a Representative in Congress, elected by many thousands of voters in a district, to resign because a few of them, displeased with something that he has done, demand his resignation?

The Governor's reported remark implies that our representative system has failed, and the course indicated by the remark substitutes a few self-appointed and probably privately interested persons for the lawfully elected representatives of the people. Moreover, it exposes to the chance of the greater or less ability of such advocates the approval of laws enacted by the State in its constitutional legislative form. Against the deliberate will of the people, expressed in the lawful way, the Governor invites or hears the plea of unauthorized individuals, and if no such unauthorized individual appears to confirm the action of the Legislature, he assumes by his reported remark that the Legislature does not represent the people, and, in the absence of the chance individual, that they have no representative. There is scarcely an important measure affecting the city of New York passed by the Legislature which is not reargued and debated before the Governor either by paid or voluntary private agents. It is a singular situation, which throws great light upon the condition of the representative system in the State of New York.

JACOB SHARP.

THE prompt conviction of JACOB SHARP undoubtedly satisfies the public sense of justice, and secures the punishment of a serious offender against public morals and our political system. But it must be remembered that SHARP differs from other bribers only in being caught and tried and convicted. It is notorious that large sums of money are constantly expended to affect legislation; that is, to bribe legislators. A strike is made in the form of a bill which would seriously injure property. The property-holders raise a purse to defeat the bill. They bribe legislators as they would pay blackmail to robbers.

JACOB SHARP had been taught that if he wanted a profitable franchise he must pay for it. Who taught him? The men and papers that sneer at celestial politics and Phariseeism and goody-goody reformers; the "practical politicians" who insist that men are not angels, and that we must fight fire with fire, and cut the coat according to the cloth. JACOB SHARP found himself in a situation where it was generally understood that if he wanted a thing he must pay for it, and not be a purist and pretend to be holier than his fellow-citizens. He has been convicted because there is a sharp and peremptory and goody-goody challenge of this general understanding, and a resolution that politics and the public service shall not be synonymous with knavery.

Simultaneously with his conviction six judges and clerks of election in Baltimore have been convicted of election frauds, and have been sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and one of them also to a fine of $1000. This conviction in the State and city of Senator GORMAN is due to the resolution, intelligence, and persistence of a few good citizens who believe that honesty in politics is just as practicable as dishonesty, and that decent and honorable citizens ought not to submit to notorious rascality and crime at elections, under the cowardly plea that the knavery is inevitable and that nothing can be done. They have proved that something can be done. The Baltimore citizens who have secured the punishment of the rascals, and made similar knavery more difficult and dangerous, deserve well of the country. The press of New York, which has steadily exposed the Broadway Railroad swindle, has done a good service of the same kind. The country is coming swiftly to see plainly that the great and immediate issue in our politics is not this or that measure, but it is honesty in administration and legislation, without which this or that measure merely reveals the longer or shorter purse of corporations or of individuals.

NATHAN HALE.

THE erection at Hartford of a statue of NATHAN HALE by the State of Connecticut is a recent interesting event, marked by the address of Mr. WARNER, which tells with tender sympathy and fidelity the pathetic story of the young hero. It is a little remarkable that the romance of ANDRÉ should have long taken precedence of that of HALE even in the American mind. But the details of ANDRÉ'S story, of WASHINGTON'S sorrow, and of ANDRÉ'S brave death were told by THACHER and other contemporary authorities, who were themselves deeply touched, while HALE'S service and fate were more obscure, being hidden wholly within the British lines.

Henceforth, however, with JOSEPH WARREN, he will be a familiar figure of patriotic devotion and self-sacrifice to every American child. It is now announced that the Sons of the Revolution in New York will also erect a statue of HALE, probably in the City Hall Park, near the spot of his execution. The society has adopted a design offered by KARL GERHARDT, the sculptor of the Hartford statue. Mr. WARNER says that there is no known likeness of HALE. The miniature which was in the possession of the lady to whom he was betrothed disappeared long ago.

It is not stated whether the New York statue will be a reproduction of that at Hartford or another design. We see it described as a figure "in a defiant attitude." That, however, would be hardly fitting. HALE'S famous words, "I grieve that I have but one life to give for my country," are the words of a deep and strong but not effusive nature, and accord with all that we know of the man. There is no Revolutionary hero who deserves an adequate memorial in New York more truly than NATHAN HALE.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY ON THE FOURTH.

THERE was no more interesting celebration of the Fourth of July than the reunion of the "Philadelphia Brigade" of Union troops and PICKETT'S Division, "the pride of the Confederate army," upon the field of Gettysburg, where they each proved their valor twenty-four years ago. PICKETT'S Division took 4700 men into its deadly and heroic charge at Cemetery Ridge, and it left 3300 killed, wounded, and missing. In withstanding its attack the Philadelphia Brigade lost in killed and wounded 475 of its 1400 men and officers.

In commemoration of an event to which both sides equally gave heroic lustre, the Philadelphia Brigade patriotically invited its old antagonist to be its guest on the great national anniversary. In the same spirit Massachusetts Union soldiers recently received to their most cordial hospitalities in Faneuil Hall and in the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument the Robert E. Lee Post of Confederate Veterans, and as at Gettysburg the veterans both of the gray and the blue gladly recalled their common bravery, and greeted each other as fellow-citizens.

It is such impressive incidents, and the genuine patriotic impulse from which they spring, which reveal the true American character. That character is not shown by the uproar about the flags and by the demagogical endeavor of politicians to trade upon glorious memories. The difference that produced the contest was vital. The war was inevitable. It was bravely fought and endured and ended. The Blue was magnanimous, the Gray was honorable, in the settlement. That each believed itself to be right, no intelligent man doubts. That either wishes to set aside or to challenge any of the great results of the struggle, nobody seriously pretends. To bicker about petty points, to fly into political hysterics over the return of flags captured in battle between fellow-citizens as a surrender of the results of the war, and a confession that the rebellion was justifiable and triumphant, is unworthy of the spirit of the cause which happily prevailed.

THE TRUTH AND THE NEWS.

THE value of much that is called news was recently strikingly illustrated. The new rules for promotion in Washington have been sharply assailed, and they are very distasteful to many persons. An examination was held lately for promotion in the Quartermaster-General's office, and a newspaper stated in detail that only ten out of thirty-eight clerks had passed, that the questions asked would not show the clerk's efficiency, and that many of the clerks, especially the women, were sick or hysterical on account of the examination.

Here was an interesting piece of news. But the next morning Commissioner OBERLY said:

"There were thirty-seven clerks in the second and third classes of the Quartermaster-General's office examined, and of that number thirty-four passed and only three failed. Among those examined was only one woman, and she neither went into hysterics nor exhibited any excitement whatever. She was cool and placid, and passed with a higher percentage than most of the men. The three men who failed to pass the examination failed upon the very matters that were of practical, every-day importance in the offices in which they were serving. The clerks were agreeably surprised at the character of the examination, and they all agreed that the questions asked were of a practical working nature."

It is always wise, when a statement is made to the general effect that the examination or action under the civil service law is all humbug, to wait and learn the truth.

THE NEW CHIEF EXAMINER IN NEW YORK.

THE New York Civil Service Commission could not have made a better choice for Chief Examiner than that of WILLIAM POTTS. His confidence in the reformed system, and his thorough knowledge of its details, with his trained business habits and perfect personal integrity, qualify him exceptionally for the responsibilities of his new position. As the New York *Times* truly says, the Commission has been from the first singularly fortunate in its selection of a Chief Examiner. But it is a good fortune mainly due to the earnestness of the Commission. It is not a perfunctory and uninterested official body, but it is full of public spirit and of faith in its own objects, and it is sincerely devoted to the duties intrusted to it. With such public officers Mr. POTTS is in entire sympathy, and the law will be applied in its spirit as well as in the letter.

MR. GRIFFIN'S VIEW.

MR. ALBERT GRIFFIN, chairman of the Anti-saloon Republican Committee, assures us that HARPER'S WEEKLY has misrepresented his position. He entertains no doubt whatever that the Republican party will very soon become an anti-saloon party, such an aggressive party that substantially all the defenders of the saloon will fight it, and that the great mass of the enemies of the saloon will sustain it. But just how soon this result will be achieved Mr. GRIFFIN does not assume to say.

We understood him to say in his speech at Cooper Institute that unless the Republican party should take this position before the election of next year it would lose the support of a large body of anti-saloon Republicans, and as this does not seem to us probable, we said that he doubted whether the Republican party would become an anti-saloon party in a sense to satisfy him and his friends. Mr. GRIFFIN thinks that our statement was wholly unjustified by his remark, and that our misinterpretation has done him a wrong. We accept, of course, unreservedly his own declaration of his own position, and we certainly regret any wrong that we may unintentionally have done him.

That the number of "temperance men" is very much larger in the Republican than in the Democratic party we have no doubt. But that the Republican managers will speedily enforce in good faith a policy that will totally alienate the support of the liquor interest—in New York, for instance—we see as yet no reason to believe, and we do not think that the statement of such a view is an injury to the cause which Mr. GRIFFIN has at heart.

PERSONAL.

SEVERAL managers of the leading transatlantic steam-ship lines were dining together late in June. They compared notes, and found that the demand for cabin passage in the ocean steamers advertised to leave this city on the 2d of July was unparalleled. "We have all of us," said one of their number, "been turning away applicants, and there is not a doubtful' state-room that did not have several persons waiting to claim it in case its possessor should be compelled to relinquish it at the last moment. Many New-Yorkers were glad to pay first-cabin fare and take berths in the second-cabin quarters." It was one of the pleasantest meals that the agents ever ate.

—Our recent guest, Admiral VIGNES, of the French war vessel *La Minerve*, received many social attentions. The Union Club and several other clubs extended to him the privileges of membership. Mr. LOUIS DE BÉBIAN, of the French line of transatlantic steamers, took him to West Point, where the Admiral was struck by two things: first, the automatic precision with which the cadets manœuvred; and second, the fatigues imposed by the daily drill. He thought that a daily drill was unnecessary, and that the time spent in it might be more profitably devoted to study. Admiral VIGNES is over six feet high, of commanding figure, and extremely companionable in his hours of ease, his social gifts comparing favorably with those of Mr. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW. He will soon be in the harbors of Quebec, Montreal, and Newport, reaching the latter place probably in September, and wintering in the West Indies and New Orleans.

—Some fivescore of representative men and women of both hemispheres bear testimony in Mr. EDWARD W. BOK'S *Memorial Book* to their sense of the worth and influence of HENRY WARD BEECHER. A more remarkable cloud of witnesses, and one whose elements differed so widely in all things else save their affinity for BEECHER, could hardly have been brought together. It will help posterity to understand the many-sided character of the great pastor of Plymouth Church to have these sympathetic tributes to his memory illustrate his life.

—The London *Times* announces that photography in colors is now an accomplished fact; that after three years of study, experiment, and chemical research, a Mr. MAYALL, of New Bond Street, has produced several colored photographic portraits, without the aid of hand-work or brush, which possess the brilliancy and delicacy of highly finished miniatures in oils.

—The Providence (Rhode Island) Art Club has ordered a life-size portrait medallion in bronze of Professor RODOLFO LANCIANI, in commemoration of his lectures upon Roman archæology. APOLLONI is to be the artist.

—Boston is to have another club—the Channing—which is expected to supply the younger Unitarians the same social stimulus which the elders derive from the Unitarian. The membership is to be limited at present to one hundred, and the career of usefulness to begin in next November with a dinner.

—Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, D.D., having at last recovered from his long illness, has removed from Boston to Magnolia, Massachusetts, for the summer.

—King KALAKAUA has conferred the decoration of Knight Companion of the Order of Kalakaua on Captain HOUDLETT, who commanded the steamer that brought Queen KAPIOLANI safely across the Pacific to San Francisco.

—Recently a fund of £1000 was raised in England for the relief and comfort of Father DAMIEN, the priest who has charge of the Hawaiian leper settlement at Molokai, and who has fallen a victim to the dreaded disease. When the money was received the father expended it for clothing and supplies for the lepers under his charge. This has led to an inquiry into the disposition of the government appropriation for the lepers. The last Legislature voted $100,000 for this purpose, and last year $34,000 of this sum was spent. As there are only about 700 lepers, this would seem to be ample for their maintenance.

—Mr. HAROLD M. SEWALL, the new United States Consul-General at Samoa, sailed for his post last week. Money is reported to be very scarce in the islands, and trade extremely dull. The greater number of the people desire annexation to the Hawaiian Islands, in order to escape partition among Germany and the other powers. Mr. SEWALL, with the English and German Consuls-General, will govern the town of Apia. He will also hold court, and is authorized to enforce judgments.

—DANIEL PRATT, who died of epilepsy in the Boston City Hospital, at the age of nearly eighty years, had been a well-known figure in that city and its neighborhood for thirty or forty years. He was slightly deranged, but entirely harmless, his hallucinations taking the form of a belief that he was *de jure* President of the United States. He was particularly fond of collegians, and delighted to harangue them on political topics. He had no means of support but the charity bestowed upon him in money or "in kind" by his hearers. On account of his many long pedestrian wanderings he was nicknamed "the great American traveller," and generally called himself so.

—A tourist party of landscape-painters start this week for Arkville, and will spend their summer there with wives and children, palettes and brushes, in a mountainous retreat at the confluence of three rivers of Delaware County, New York. A. H. WYANT, WORTHINGTON WHITTREDGE, ARTHUR PARTON, J. FRANCIS MURPHY, and KRUSEMAN VAN ELTEN are members of the party, and their lodgement will be in a new and solitary cottage just built by PETER HOFFMAN, who years ago earned the sobriquet of "the artists' friend," and this year is their landlord also. The site of the cottage is part of an extensive plateau some distance above the rivers' banks, with towering mountains behind it, and on either side magnificent vistas through groves of great beeches, maples, and hemlocks, whose bark the sun likes to fleck in DIAZ fashion. There will be much painting out-of-doors, and the whole doctrine of American landscape art will be distilled daily in this new "Painters' Camp" for any strolling HAMERTON who can gain admission. Mr. WYANT, who always prefers to paint in the open, has leased a woodman's cabin, built of upright slabs, for quietude on rainy days. Its single room, just vacated by its owner and his wife and child, who used it as kitchen, sitting-room, parlor, bedroom, and butler's pantry, is absorbingly picturesque in frontiersman's style. With brush in hand, out-of-doors, Mr. WYANT feels a thousand impulses of soul and sense that are strangers to a city studio.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL P. H. SHERIDAN.

Lieutenant-General Philip H. Sheridan, the commander of the army of the United States, has passed his fifty-sixth year, yet no one who sees him to-day in his office attending to the dull routine, in his charming home and the society of his family, at one of the gay social or state gatherings that are so frequent at the capital, or at the head of some military display, can easily realize that the short, sturdy, ruddy-faced, and bright-eyed man was twenty-three years ago the most dashing of cavalry leaders, that the country was ringing with praise of his exploits in the Shenandoah Valley, and that at thirty-three years of age he had won the praise of the President, the commanding General, the Secretary of War, and the Congress, and had become the hero of Winchester, to be handed down to later generations in song, story, and picture. General Sheridan sometimes finds himself wondering at his own position, modestly setting more value upon circumstances that favored than upon his own merit. But the boy who was born on March 6, 1831, at Somerset, Perry County, Ohio, of parents who had immigrated from County Cavan, Ireland, was not a merely submissive child of fate. He had "go" in him. At five he could ride on horseback, and was as fond of horses as girls of that age are fond of dolls. The Irish school-master who gave him his first simple lessons found the "grit" in him that afterward developed in the tireless campaigner. Little time had he for schools, and it was when he was a hardware dealer's clerk, bright, cheerful, and anxious to learn, that he aspired to become a student at West Point Military Academy. His way of reaching the Academy was manly and direct. He wrote to the member of Congress for the district in which he lived, asking for the appointment, and he got it, at seventeen years of age. A good, but not one of the best, scholars, far above mediocrity, but not at the top, he unfortunately allowed his high spirit to lead him to flog a cadet who insulted him, and was set back a year in his graduation. At twenty-three he left the Military Academy, and on the border he was seasoned for the great work he was later called to perform. When the war broke out he was a First Lieutenant, and when he was made a Captain, standing sixty-fourth in the list, it was his reasonable hope that he might win a Major's commission before the war was over. In three years he was a Major-General, in five years more he was Lieutenant-General, and fifteen years later he assumed the command of the army in which he had been so brilliant and successful a leader.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

General Sheridan does not often wear the uniform of his rank. He is seen in it at least twice a year, however—at the New-Year reception at the White House, and again when the President and his wife have the General of the Army and the Admiral of the Navy at their table to meet other distinguished guests. Occasionally he appears at the head of a procession, as he did when he rode before the troops that escorted the body of Logan to the tomb, and he was a conspicuous figure at the inauguration of President Cleveland. Nearly every day in the year he can be found, soon after nine o'clock in the morning, in his office in the War Department Building, on Pennsylvania Avenue. This office is a large square room on the main floor, with windows overlooking Pennsylvania Avenue to the north and the White House grounds to the east. The General's desk stands obliquely across the outermost corner, in such a position that as he sits behind it the light falls upon his back and upon the faces of all visitors to the room. Two large cases filled with curious pottery, Indian blankets, bows and arrows, head-gear, clubs, and other articles collected in the Indian country before and since the war of the rebellion, stand at opposite sides of the apartment. Upon the walls are portraits of Generals Jackson, Worth, Zachary Taylor, Logan, Blair, Meade, and McPherson, and several spirited illustrations of Western hunting scenes. Just beyond General Sheridan's desk and the three great leather-upholstered chairs that always invite weary callers is an easel bearing a small picture, to which the General directs attention as being the best representation he has ever seen of the famous charge at Winchester, in the Valley campaign of 1864. It is by De Thulstrup, and is spirited as well as accurate, and should find a place, in an enlarged form, in the slowly accumulating gallery of historical pictures. Upon a sofa leans a handsomely framed escutcheon, or shield, upon which a skilful artist has emblazoned General Sheridan's military history—the record of his graduation, promotion, battles, honorable mention of his name by the President, the Secretary of War, and Congress, and into which, in their proper colors, are introduced the emblems of the branch of the army with which General Sheridan was conspicuously identified, as well as those of the Loyal Legion, the societies of the Army of the Shenandoah and the Army of the Cumberland, and that of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Any citizen of the nation who wants to shake hands with "gallant Phil" may approach him here. Most of those who do are astonished to find him a diffident man, slow to speak of himself, zealous in praise of the men who fought with him, and always solicitous for the welfare of the army service. He leaves his office early in the afternoon for his house, on Rhode Island Avenue, a handsome brick building presented to him by some affluent Chicago friends at the time he left the West to succeed General Sherman in command. On high ground and upon a small triangular plot, it is in a neighborhood that is and must be fashionable for many years, not far from Scott Circle, and in the line of improvement toward the popular northwest end. It is tastefully furnished, and a profusion of superb Navajo blankets used as portières, Indian and war trophies, gifts in honor of his victories, and many interesting portraits adorn its walls and shelves. Not least valued of the curious objects is the letter written to General Sheridan by President Lincoln, thanking the General for his successes in the Shenandoah Valley. A statuette of Sheridan as he appeared on the way to Winchester, "riding down" to rally the broken Union forces, is much prized by Sheridan. It was the work of Mr. E. J. Kelly, of New York, and has a place of honor in the parlor. To his friends the General points out a portrait of himself taken in 1861, when he was first proudly wearing his Captain's stripes. The face of the original is not unlike the picture taken twenty-six years ago, but it is stronger and more impressive now, though still free from lines of care or age. His home life is exceedingly happy.

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S HOUSE.

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S OFFICE.

THE GENERAL OF THE ARMY.—From a Photograph by Bell and Sketches by Carl J. Becker.

"'I AM CAPTAIN JOHN MACKRA,' SAID I, AND I SAT DOWN UPON THE GUNWALE OF THE BOAT."

THE ROSE OF PARADISE,*

Being a detailed account of certain adventures that happened to Captain John Mackra, in connection with the famous pirate Edward England, in the year 1720, off the Island of Jehanna, in the Mozambique Channel; writ by himself, and now for the first time published.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

IX.—(*Continued.*)

BEFORE I dared venture aboard the pirate craft it was necessary that I should first write a letter to the captain, and also that I should have a trustworthy person to convey my communication to him; nor did I give two thoughts to this matter, for common justice pointed to Mr. White as the only fitting one to be my messenger; accordingly I sent for him, and he soon came. I told him that I desired to open communication with the pirate captain upon a matter of great importance, and that I gave him this opportunity toward redeeming his self-respect by conveying my message to Captain England; nor have I ever seen a man more grateful than Mr. White upon this occasion; two or three times he strove to speak, and when he did contrive to do so it was only simply to say, "Sir, I thank you."

The surgeon having given me permission, I wrote my letter, and Mr. White took it that very night, having no companion with him but two natives who acted as guides. I have a copy of the letter, made at the time, which runs as follows:

"*To Captain Edward England:*

"*Sir,—I write you this in a most forlorn and distressing situation.*

"*Having defended ourselves, our ship, and those intrusted to our keeping, from you, who sought to encompass our destruction by all means in your power, we now find ourselves reduced to the necessity of imploring aid from you, who so lately sought our lives. Nor would we even yet ask anything from you were it not for three poor and helpless women, whose safety here is a matter of uncertainty from day to day, and who, without aid is extended to them, may perish miserably in this desolate and savage land.*

"*Sir, though a wild and ungoverned nature, I never knew you to be a cruel man; therefore I ask this aid of you for the sake of these three women.*

"*Furthermore, I ask that you do not hastily refuse this plea for aid, but may allow me to come aboard of your craft and speak to you in person.*

"*I know that there is with you one who is mine enemy, because of a great injury which he hath done me, and who will no doubt conspire against my life—I mean Captain Leach, lately one of my passengers, and who, I suspect, along with others, betrayed us into your hands. But although I believe he would seek my life, yet am I willing to trust it into your hands if you will promise me safety in my coming and my going.*

"*Sir, I beseech you to grant me this speech with you, that I may plead the cause of the weak and helpless, and am, sir,*

"*Your very obedient and humble servant,*

"*John Mackra.*"

X.

Mr. White was only gone for a little more than two days, and when he returned he brought with him a letter from the pirate captain. The communication ran thus:

"*To Captain John Mackra, late of the 'Cassandra':*

"*Sir,—If you choose to risk your life by coming hither, devil a word have I to say against it. They're a wild set of blades under me, and mind the helm no better than a washing-tub, so that my orders have little or no weight with them. All the same, if you're the man to come aboard, and have the courage to face the matter out, I'll do what I can to see that no harm happens to you. But if you'll take a friend's advice you'll stay where you are, and let a bad matter cure itself, for you know very well that there is no use splicing a rotten rope. As for the pickle you're in, lay that to your luck, and not to me.* [Signed] *Edward England.*"

I was none too well pleased with this precious epistle, for I could see very readily how little command Captain England held upon the bloody wretches under him. Nevertheless it did not alter my determination to go aboard of the pirate craft and to speak with him. I was the more inclined to do this as I felt well assured that the pirates could not now be as hot for my blood as they had been at first.

It was necessary for me to get away from the king's town without confiding my determination to any one, or any one having knowledge of my departure, for I knew very well that there was not one of my officers but would have stayed me from acting on my plans had they been informed of them, even if they should find it needful to use force to prevent my going.

It was the evening of the eighth day since the fight when Mr. White returned with Captain England's letter, and I determined that that very night should witness my departure upon my enterprise, which to one looking coolly upon it might seem little if any better than the frantic act of a madman. Nor was it that I myself was unconscious of the magnitude of these dangers, for I entered upon them only because that in the desperate state of our necessities I could not see any other course out of our difficulties, and so had to choose this for lack of a better. Accordingly, as said above, I determined to set out that very night, for nothing could be gained by further delay.

There was no other choice left me but to make my way along the beach, which, although it would increase the distance by five or six miles, would yet afford me a sound and level highway for my journeying, the sand being mightily firm and hard when the water was out at low tide.

That night I wrote a lengthy letter to Mr. Langely, giving him full particulars as to what I was about to undertake, and also instructions as to how he should proceed in the event of my not returning from my adventure. I also wrote my will, and settled all my affairs as well as I was able. This took until nigh midnight.

All this I managed to do without the knowledge of any one, and by the light of a little wick floating in a dish of oil, the flame of which I kept so well shaded that no one perceived it in all that time.

About one o'clock I came out from my hut, and found the stars shining most beautifully in the sky, and all the air full of the noises of the night. I did not tarry, however, but walked straight to the beach, and along it toward the northern end of the island, around which and beyond the cape I knew the bay to lie, about ten leagues distant from the king's town.

I had only been twice upon my feet since the fever had left me, and found that I was far more weak than I had supposed myself to be, so that I had to rest myself at frequent intervals. However, I managed to cover some ten miles of my journey by about six o'clock in the morning, against which time I was so exhausted that I could go no farther, but had to lie down under the shade of the bushes and rest myself for a long time.

I speak of these things to show why it was that my journey should have occupied nigh upon two days, for it was not until the afternoon of the second day that I came within sight of a boat, drawn up on the beach, which I knew to belong to the pirates, and from which the crew had just gone into the thickets, either to search for game or for water.

I had eaten nothing all that day, for I had not thought that my journey would have taken me so long, and I did not care to burden myself with any more food than necessary. So I was glad to see the boat, not only being mightily weary, but also having my feet so badly blistered by the unwonted exposure to the hot sun on the bare sand that it was only with pain that I could take a single step.

As I drew nigh, two fellows who had been lying in the shade upon the further side sprang to their feet and hailed me.

"Who are you?" says one of them—a great black-bearded fellow with a dirty yellow handkerchief tied around his head, a ragged scarf about his loins, a dirty shirt opened at the breast showing a hairy throat and chest, and a brace of pistols hanging from a leathern belt.

"I am Captain John Mackra," said I, and I sat down upon the gunwale of the boat, for I could go no farther.

"The devil you are!" says he, and he stared at me from top to toe as though I had been some strange creature the like of which he had never beheld before. Then, without another word, he put his fingers to his lips and gave a great, long, shrill whistle. I presently heard a great crackling in the bushes and the noise of loud voices, and soon there burst out of the thickets six or eight great, bearded, dirty, villanous rascals, who came running down to the boat, having caught sight of me, and knowing me to be a stranger. "It's Captain Leach," said the one of the pirates who had not yet spoken—a young fellow of not more than twenty.

Some of those who had just come had been drinking, as could be very plainly seen from the way in which they acted. One of them was for killing me off-hand, and I verily believe would have done so in spite of all that the others could do or say, had not another of them knocked him down with an oar with such a blow that I thought at first the fellow had been killed outright.

After that they bound me hand and foot, and chucked me into the stern-sheets of the boat along with the fellow who had been knocked down by the oar, and who still lay without life or motion, as though we neither of us were of more account than so much old junk.

After that they shoved off from the beach in the direction of my old craft the *Cassandra*, which rode at anchor about a mile and a half or two miles away.

The boat had hardly come alongside when the news of my coming ran fore and aft like a train of powder. They hoisted me upon deck and laid me just aft of the mainmast, whilst a great crowd gathered round me and stared at me, some of them grinning and some of them cursing me.

Most of them were more or less in liquor, and it was this cir-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1590.

cumstance that came nigh to costing me my life, and this was how it happened:

One great fellow with a dreadful scar across his face gave me a kick in the loins which I thought at first had finished me, and for no cause that I could see but that he was drunk and in a savage humor. One or two of them sang out to him not to kill me just then, but he made no answer except by aiming another kick at my head, which I warded off with my arm so that it did me little or no harm. He drew back his foot for another blow, but just then an iron belaying-pin came whizzing through the air and struck the fellow in the jaw, knocking him down upon the deck as though he had been shot.

I turned mine eyes and saw that it was Captain England himself who had struck the blow.

"Look 'ee," says he, "we'll have none of this; if killing is to be done, it is to be done lawyer-like. He's come aboard himself, and if he's to be killed he's to be killed after his trial, and not before."

There was a moment or two of pause, for Captain England had drawn a brace of pistols, and held one cocked in either hand; but just then up stepped a fellow who it was very plain to see was of some account amongst them, for his clothes were of rich stuff, and he had a gold chain with a cross slung around his neck, and golden ear-rings in his ears. He walked up to England until he stood face to face with him.

"Look 'ee, Ned England," says he, "wot I've got to say is this: you're carrying things with too high a hand to suit us easy-going fellows. D'ye think you're king or emperor, and that we're nigger slaves, that you knock us about as it suits your humor?"

I had expected that England would have shot the fellow down where he stood, but he stayed his hand, and by the muttering of the rest I knew that the speaker carried most of them with him.

"Look 'ee now," says he, more boldly, "didn't we choose you for our captain ourselves? And here you knock us around with belaying-pins as though you owned every man of us; and all for what? Why, for giving this here precious sea-captain an innocent kick or two, for all of the good fellows he's sent to h—ll since ten days ago. Wot I say is, hang him up to the yard-arm," and he fetched me a terrible kick in the side without taking his eyes from his captain's face.

At this time I knew but little of what was passing about me, my mind being beclouded with my weakness and my pains, for I had wellnigh swooned from the agony of those two kicks upon my flank and loins. Therefore I lay with mine eyes shut, feeling deathly sick and faint.

A time of silence followed, though how long it might be I could not exactly tell. Then I heard Captain England speak, the words coming to my ears as though from a great distance, because of my condition.

"D—n you, Burke, what do I care for the fellow? If you want the man's life, take it!" and I knew that he swung upon his heel and walked away.

XI.

I could not at that minute see that anything stood between me and death, for the pirates were so bent upon my immediate destruction that they set about getting ready a line to hang me up without more ado.

Yet though I had cause to apprehend that the very next moment would be my last upon earth, the dread of death was in no wise keen upon me, for in my half-swoon I lay as one in a dream, and neither saw nor heard very clearly the preparations they were making for my death, and so was mercifully spared that pain. But God in His great mercy determined it otherwise than was the intention of these wicked men, for just at that moment some one forward began bawling out in a great hoarse voice: "Where is Jack Mackra? Where is he, I say? Show him to me! ——— ——— ye! out of my way, and let me get at him!"

As I might turn my head, I looked whence the voice came, and there saw, as in a dream, a great, tall, lantern-jawed man, with a patch over one eye and a crutch under his left arm. In his right hand he held a long sharp knife, with which he jabbed at those who stood in his way, so that they were glad enough to make room for him, one or two of them cursing him, the others grinning and laughing as though it were all a fine piece of sport. As those around me drew aside I beheld him more plainly; his left leg had been cut off at the knee, he was loose-jointed and ungainly, and he had one of the most villanous countenances that it was ever my fortune to look into. I could also see that he, like many of the others, had been drinking. It was very plain that he was a great favorite amongst the rest, for they made room for him and took all his curses and many blows, which he gave with his crutch, without either answering him or striving to defend themselves. Even the fellow who had spoken so boldly to the captain's face, and whom I afterward found to be the chief of the "lords," as they are pleased to call those in authority amongst them, grinned and stood aside as the villanous cripple came and leaned over me.

"D—n you," says he, "and is it you, Jack Mackra? Then I have a score to pay you that has stood on the slates for this many a day."

He turned me over upon my face with his crutch, and the next moment I felt the cords that tied my hands give way, and knew that they had been cut, then my legs and feet were loosened from their lashings, and I was a free man. I heard the fellow say, "Get up," whereupon I stood upon my feet and gazed about me, though my brain still swam and all things appeared blurred and distorted to my sight, the sky and the sea and the faces around me being all strangely mingled together. Then presently, as my confusion began to fade away from me, I heard the one-legged man speaking to me.

"And do you know who I am?" said he.

"No," says I, at last gathering my wits to speak; "I cannot bring you to mind."

"Why," says he, "don't you remember Jimmy Ward, the cook aboard the *Pembroke Castle*—him as you saved from five drunken Spanish devils over at Honduras? Hey? don't you mind how they had me down under the table, jabbing at me with their d——d snickersnees and swearing that they would cut the living heart out of me? If it hadn't been for you, it would have been all over with Jimmy Ward at that time." He waited for an answer, but as yet I could say nothing. "Well, I haven't forgot it if you have," he continued; "I owe you a good turn, and I'll pay it if I have to bleed for it."

Just then up steps the fellow who had faced England so boldly a moment or two before. "Come, come, Jimmy," says he, "a joke's a joke, and I can laugh as loud as any; but here's a man has done us more damage than anybody we've fell in with since we ran foul of the *Eagle*."

"Hang him up!" "Hang him up!" sang out several of those who stood around, and I verily believe the business would have gone against me, after all, only for Captain England, who must have been near for all this time, and who came to the aid of the cripple. Both together, they contrived so to argue and talk and threaten the others that the end of the matter was they led me off to the captain's cabin, the one on one side of me and the other on the other, whilst the crowd followed behind, though they came no further than the door, which was clapped to in their faces.

"You've had a narrow miss of it," says England, so soon as we were come fairly within and had sat down, "and you've nobody to thank for it but yourself, for if you'd minded what I told you you'd have staid where you were and let your bad luck sail her own craft without putting your hand to the helm. Even yet I don't know if we'll be able to get you off, for Tom Burke is hot for your blood, and will get it if he's able."

"That he will," says Ward; "for he's not the man to give up what he's laid his hand to."

"Have you had anything to eat?" said England, presently.

"Not since five o'clock this morning," said I.

"Why," said he, "you'll have to be fed, whether they hang you or no." Whereupon he fetched out from a locker a great lot of biscuit and a decanter of the very port-wine with which I had entertained Mr. Longways when he came aboard the *Cassandra* with the Rose of Paradise; nor have I ever tasted food that was more refreshing than that which I then ate, for I was wellnigh exhausted with hunger.

No one spoke for a while, and England walked up and down the cabin with his hands clasped behind his back. During all this time I had been looking around me, and of a sudden my heart seemed to leap into my throat, for in the corner of the cabin, lying amongst a lot of litter, where it seemed to have been flung as of no account, I saw the iron despatch-box.

My danger had been so great and my mind in such a maze for all this time that there had been no room in my brain for other matters, the very objects of my adventure having been forgotten for a while; but with the sight of this everything came back to me with a rush, and I wondered for the first time that I had not yet seen my betrayer.

"Where is Captain Leach?" said I to England.

He stopped short in his walk, and regarded me with a very strange expression, which at the time I could in no wise understand.

"Why," says he, presently, "he was shot—shot by accident—when we first came aboard of this here craft after you left her."

I sat silent for a great long time after this, nor could I think of one word to say, for of all the things which my mind had forecasted, this was the very furthest from my imaginings. So I sat staring at the pirate captain, who, upon his part, sat gazing back again at me, answering my look with a grin. I had been well assured that Captain Leach had stolen the jewel, but was it possible that I had misjudged him in suspecting that he had betrayed us to the pirates, and that they, finding him alive upon the vessel, whence he had not had sufficient time to escape, had thereupon instantly murthered him, as is their custom upon such occasions?

"And tell me this," said I at last, "was it through Captain Leach's machinations that we were betrayed into your hands?"

"Why," says he, "I may tell you plain, if I had never met Captain Leach I should never have ventured into this harbor in the face of three armed vessels lying across the channel."

"Then I was not mistaken," said I. But I dared ask no more questions, lest the pirate captain's suspicions should be aroused, for, from the appearance of the despatch-box, which did not yet seem to have been tampered with, but rather held as of no account whatever, I did not believe that Captain Leach had betrayed the presence of the jewel to the pirate, but rather had reserved the secret for his own advantage, which, indeed, was the most likely supposition that could be imagined. If now I could but by some means or other contrive to find opportunity to examine the box, I could very speedily tell whether the lock had been forced, which would, in my estimation, decide whether or not the jewel was still safe and undiscovered.

Presently Ward spoke. "And how," said he, "did you come to get into such a pickle as I found you, sir?"

I told him the main reason for my visit in as few words and with as little circumlocution as possible; how I had entertained hopes of procuring a promise of safety for my passengers and ship's crew, and even possibly of obtaining some means of transportation from the place where they now were to one of greater ease and security. Both men listened without a word to what I said, and when I had ended Ward pursed his mouth up in a most comical fashion, and gave a great long whistle, half under his breath, regarding me the while with his one eye as round as a saucer.

"And do you mean to say," says he, "that you, a sick man, have gone and travelled ten leagues all for to give yourself up to such a gang of bloody cutthroats as we be?"

"Why, yes," says I; "sure ten leagues is not such a long journey that one need make much of a stir about it."

"Ten leagues be blowed!" says he. "Suppose they had shot you dead when they had found out who you were; what then?"

"But they did not shoot me," said I.

"But perhaps they may kill you yet," put in England.

"That matter is neither in your hands nor mine," said I.

Ward looked in a very droll manner, first at England and then at me. "Well, I am blowed!" he said at last.

At this Captain England burst into a great loud laugh. "Why," says he, "it would be a vast pity to let a man of such spirit lose his life after all. What d'ye say, Ward?"

"I say yes," said Ward, and he thumped his fist down on the table; "and by the Eternal he shall get what he wants—in reason—Tom Burke and the devil notwithstanding."

"Come," says England, "come, Ward, we'll go and fetch Burke in, and see if we can't drink him into a good humor." And so saying both men went out of the cabin, shutting the door behind them. As soon as their backs were turned I sprang to where the despatch-box lay, snatched it up, and began eagerly examining it. It was still securely locked; the lid had not been forced, and I could see no marks of violence upon it. But I had just then but short time for such an examination, for in a little while I heard footsteps outside, whereupon I replaced the box where I had found it and resumed my chair, composing my countenance as far as I was able to do. Presently I heard voices at the door, and from their tones I could gather that Captain England and the crippled cook were trying to persuade Burke to come into the cabin, he being mightily unwilling to do so. For a while they held the door ajar, and I could hear Burke cursing and swearing at a great rate, and calling Heaven to witness that he would have my life before he was done with me. Meantime the others were busied in talking to him, and soothing him, and reasoning with him, but all to no purpose. No; he would come in and drink a glass of grog with them, if that was what they were after, but he would have my life—yes, he would; and he was not to be wheedled out of his purpose by soft words either. So they after a while all came into the cabin and sat down to the table, though Burke never so much as turned his eyes in my direction.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PUNCH AND JUDY.

Why must Toby the dog wear a ruff? Toby, to fill the rôle properly, should be a stumpy dog. Why, then, encompass his short neck with a frill? Is that appendage of buckram a relic of the sixteenth century, and does Toby perpetuate a fashion of the Elizabethan era? When you hark back to the dawning of Punch and Judy you are likely to get lost in the beginning of all things. Punch and Judy were born because it was a human necessity. Man wanted a cheap show with laughable interludes, a tragical conclusion, a pointed moral, and then the perambulating mechanical melodrama was invented. It is always a moot point whether man wanted first instruction or first amusement, but the chances are strongly in favor of the latter. Before the Miracle Plays came Punch and Judy, or something like it. One prominent personage, the devil, exists in both of them. The Miracle Play, save in the Tyrol, has gone into the realms of limbo; but though not as vigorous as in former years, Punch still squeals, Judy scolds, Toby barks, and the rat-tat-tat of Punch's staff resounds. Conservative Englishmen have noticed with regret that though the zest for Punch and Judy remains unchanged, the farce of the streets has become less peripatetic. During the first thirty-five years of this century Punch moved all over London; now he is relegated to certain quarters of the great metropolis. He is still, however, the joy of rural England, for there is no fair complete without him. You can see Punch, or the machinery of him, packed on the back of a man who trudges along the pleasant English lanes. The impresario is bent double, for he carries Punch, the company, the whole edifice and scenery. The orchestra follows, and after him comes Toby at his heels—a sage and demure dog, a meditative animal, thinking, perhaps, over a new reading of his part. If you wonder how the paraphernalia of the show can be stowed away within so small a compass, when you count the minutes occupied in putting it in complete running order ready for an audience, you will deem it a trick of the most marvellous kind. There comes a premonitory tap or two of the drum, a shrill gamut from the Pandean pipes, Toby gives a yelp, then the curtain rattles, is lifted up, Punch bows, gets off his patter, and the show is in full blast.

Mr. Barnard, the well-known illustrator of Dickens, presents in our front-page picture Punch and Judy in London. The audience is English. There is good strong drawing and outlining in this sketch. The men, boys, woman, and girl stand on their feet. There is the lad who carries the wine hamper, and uses his basket for a seat. That little wrinkle under the eye and the bulge of his cheek show the laugh, and how the two big ears of the boy to the left of him are taking in Punch's jokes! To the right there is Missus, who has gone out to buy her beer, and she holds in one hand her empty mug and in the other her key. Maybe she is considering about the farthing over, which Punch will get. The party in the bad high hat is enjoying the show with a half-suppressed smile, while the two roughs nearer to the performance are fairly jolly. The orchestra is very clever; the dress perfect. Note the baggy pocket, into which almost anything can be stowed. For convenience' sake he can cram in there Punch himself and all the other actors, besides his own bread and cheese. The day is cold and raw—the leafless trees in the railed enclosure show that—and so the orchestra wears half-gloves. They will not interfere with his drum play. He has ceased for the moment blowing into his reeds, and is getting off some gag with Punch. The musician's face is bright, for usually he is a clever fellow, a "fakir" of a higher class. The front of the show is imposing. Above is the lion and unicorn, right and left the plumes of the Prince of Wales, and under them, on the sides of the uprights, the two typical semblances of actors of the freebooter style—including the boots, of course, with falling tops *à la* Charles I.—and beneath that again the royal monogram V. R. That show has all the pomp of royalty. Punch is haranguing the audience. His thin legs dangle as he seats himself on the stage, and he is gesticulating with one very stiff arm; but his staff is no sham, no make-believe. Punch's dialogue is a vehicle for whacks. There is Toby. Toby always has the sympathy of the crowd. He is certain to get a fair share of the applause. His presence outside brings in many a copper. He has worn the ruff so long that it is as much a part of him as his tail. He would wag them both in unison if he could. Toby does not want a call-boy: he knows his cue. When the right time comes he will bounce under the curtain, and with one jump will have his skirmish on the stage. "Parties and schools attended" shows that Punch and Judy has higher aspirations. It is a characteristic bit of London. Mr. Barnard has given it with wonderful spirit and accuracy.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE BOAT-RACE.

By No. 7.

We are settled in our seats now, bending over our oars, and waiting with a forced, unnatural patience. The intense tingling excitement of the first few minutes is over, a sort of haze seems to have settled over the prospect and softened its outlines, and I am conscious of the impending race only as of a remote, unreal possibility. Little things seem far more important. A fly buzzes lazily past me, and I watch it as it crawls for a moment over Stroke's bare back, and is blown away toward the other boat. The rounded ripples of muscle moving smoothly under the polished skin, shot over with pearly reflections, arrest my attention, and the plaster casts of Canova's boxers in my uncle's hall suggest themselves to my memory. This is a far better torso, I say to myself; then smile at the comparison's inopportunity at this moment; yet, even as I realize this, and as if carried on by acquired momentum, my thoughts run on to Greek statues of athletes, which resemble more closely the splendid "anatomy" before me. My own arms look long and unsafe at the joints, and the muscles seem less compact, as if twisted of cords that might suddenly snap. The idea of their breaking fills me with a passing sense of alarm, just sufficiently acute for me to remember the sensation later, and make me wonder at my trivial absent-mindedness.

Our Cockswain is much more excited than any of us, and his mouth is twitching nervously. "That is bad," I say to myself. "He should be the coolest head on the crew." It seems strange to me that the whole scene should not be more real, and that no one object should stand out more vividly. The crowd on the shore is moving back and forth, calling to us and waving hats or handkerchiefs; but the wind mingles their words together so that we cannot understand them. Moreover, we seem to be severed from them by some invisible barrier, as though we were of a different species. They are totally uninteresting, and I look round at the other boat cautiously out of the corners of my eyes. Their Seven, Stroke, and Cockswain are the only ones I can see clearly, and I feel that they too are eying us cautiously, stealthily. Their coach, in a canoe near them, is giving his final advice, of which only a few disconnected words reach me. They also are curiously uninteresting.

I wonder for what we are waiting. The summer sun is soft and warm, and I feel a delicious glow spreading slowly and evenly over my back and shoulders. The quiet sheet of water, bright with light, stretches away on all sides like a vast metallic mirror, scarcely tarnished by the haze that hangs above it, and in the background the wooded hills look soft and distant. For a moment I feel myself yielding to the sensation of sensuous pleasure which benumbs my whole physical self, and against which my conscious self feels it its duty to struggle. Apparently we are all sensible to it, for the others, like myself, have unbent a little, and loosened their hold on the oar handles.

Suddenly the call comes, "Now, boys! make ready."

I am trembling a little, and my annoyance at this evidence of emotion is but just, tempered by the reflection that the Cockswain's voice was husky and his enunciation indistinct. I even wonder why the impression is not deeper, and yet at the same time I know that in reality my attention, both physical and mental, is intense and most uncomfortable.

Boom! Splash! We are off; and a deep silence seems to have come over us. We are rowing as in a dream; even the Cockswain's hoarse "Row! row! row!" reaches us from a distance.

"It is easy work," I think. "Well, of course; we have trained honestly and carefully; things are quite as they should be." We have settled down to a long steady stroke that apparently requires no effort, and the shell is speeding ahead smoothly. I feel the work so light that unconsciously I wish for something to do. I know I must not look round, and I long intensely to do so; but out of the corner of my left eye I can just see the blue shirt of the Cockswain in the other boat bent forward at an angle of forty-five degrees. It must be pretty even, so far. I wonder whether they can be ahead. We have passed the first mile-post, and are rowing mechanically, with perfect ease, obedient to the monotonous, equally mechanical, "Row! row! row!" of our Cockswain, that for some reason or other does not seem to be in time with our stroke. On the banks the crowd is surging back and forth, winding and unwinding like a great dark snake moving its coils. The hurrahing is growing more distinct, more boisterous, but does not affect us much. We are rowing the race, while they are merely hunching against each other.

The minutes pass slowly, and we slide back and forth, back and forth, like a single part of a great machine. Stroke's back fastens my whole attention; as it moves forward I swing forward too, independently of any effort of will, and I suppose Six is doing the same with reference to me. My eyes seem riveted on a small red spot below his right shoulder-blade, and little by little all else vanishes from my sight. Its alternate motion is my only law. I close my eyes for a moment to break this state of semi-hypnotism, and open them again much relieved. I have entirely forgotten the fact that we are rowing a race, although I am acutely conscious of it; but it seems to be rather a physical than a mental consciousness, and my thoughts are busied with trifles. I wonder at the absence of pain or effort; the men are not panting; we have got our second wind by this time, and the Cockswain has us well in hand.

Now the hurrahing comes more distinct, and I feel that the blue shirt on my left has fallen back a little, but the next moment I doubt it again. Wherever I look, the same blue shirt is flapping in the wind, and I dare not glance over my shoulder. The race begins to interest me more directly. I wonder whether we shall win, and by how much. Then I wonder whether Seven in the other boat is passing through a series of sensations at all similar to mine. If I could only look at him for a moment I should know at once, and for some reason or other I believe that it would help me to know, but I dare not look round.

The scene on the bank grows more vivid, the crowd more sympathetic, and its interest in us more personal, more real. A feeling of delight comes over me at being the centre of attraction, a powerful factor in the emotion that sways them. Then the monotony of the work impresses me disagreeably, and the everlasting refrain, "Row! row! row!" jars upon me. We are gliding along, smoothly as before; nothing seems to have changed since we dipped our first stroke, and yet one second I feel as though we had been rowing through eternity, and the next as though the race had not yet begun.

Behind us, nearly upon us they are so close, the tugs are puffing, snorting, and steaming noisily, their decks covered with a clamorous crew, whose excitement contrasts strangely with our own impassibility and measured motion. The two-inch cylinder of spruce between my thumbs suddenly acquires an immense importance; it seems alive, moving, and hot. I notice that my hands are red, and at the same instant catch the gleam of light on the oars of the other crew. It looks as though we were gaining—yes—no—yes—Well, no matter; it is a close race, and not yet time to know anything about the result. We are fresh as when we started. I think we shall win. They are cheering again, and the crowd seems more excited. Behind, the landscape is serene and calm, and the river bosom heaves gently in the light between the diagonals of our swash.

Disconnected reminiscences of my school-days come back to me, strangely vivid for a second, then suddenly vanish. Jolly songs, pleasant excursions with charming women, and scenes from a trip in a canoe—"Row, boys, row; the rapids are nearing." The Cockswain isn't in time. Oh, d—— the Cockswain, anyhow! I am tingling all over, and the blood seems to have rushed to my head. We must be rowing faster, yet I did not notice any change. There is great cheering by the crowd on the bank, and I wonder how we stand. It must be pretty close yet. I realize that the distance is beginning to tell, and a deep sense of weariness comes over me. I wish it were all over. The seconds crawl along as slowly as minutes, and now I *know* that we have been rowing an eternity.

Hullo! here's something new. Surely we are spurting. Already? That is a mistake; too soon altogether; we shall never stand it. Why, we have only just passed the third mile. I guess it is all right, though; the Cockswain knows what he's about. Then a blank, and a momentary interest in the small spot on Stroke's back, and again I fall to contemplating the strip of oar handle between my thumbs, and again the blue shirt in the other boat comes within my view. It is falling back. Hurrah! we are pulling ahead—we have got the race! What is that, now? They are spurting too, and seem fresher than we are. There is no doubt about it; they are forging ahead slowly but surely. Inch by inch the other Cockswain is disappearing—disappearing. Now he's gone. They must be half a length ahead. The cheering has become wild, and it is nearly all on the other side. Our Cockswain is terribly excited. Well, we must fight it out, to win or lose, as well as we can. A feeling of utter despair comes over me for a moment, then I set my teeth with a dogged determination to win or die, and I feel that every man in the boat has tightened his grip on the oar, and is preparing for a supreme effort. My thoughts become clearer, and I am more quiet; we are speeding up, and the Cockswain is sharply barking at us, "Row! row! row!" faster than before.

Row! of course we will row. Here we are, eight of us, rowing for our very life—ready for anything.

Ave Cæsar, morituri te salutant! The thought does not seem ridiculous now. With his wizened face drawn up in one great gasping wrinkle, that yells at us, "Faster! faster! faster!" when we are going as fast as we can, the little man seems truly an imperator clamoring for our hearts' blood. We'll go up to a hundred if he keeps on; we must be rowing eighty now. Eighty? what humbug! I am losing my head. If it is forty we are doing well.

The pace is telling—telling terribly. Well, never mind; it can't last forever, and I'll stand it while I can. I had rather die than give in. Our men are cheering now; we must be pulling up. I can't look round. The little spot on Stroke's back is all I can see, going back and forth like a black speck in my eye after looking at the sun.

Visions of the fighting on Lake Erie suddenly come up before me, mingled with patriotic sentiments—the Stars and Stripes, "Don't give up the ship," and all the melodramatic humbug and hurrah of legendary history. Well, why not? I am not ashamed of it, and at the thought I feel a hot glow pass all over me. That everlasting refrain, "Row! row! row!" is becoming madly exasperating.

"Now, boys!"

Stroke's back is moving faster and faster. I am conscious that my arms are weakening, and my leg muscles have lost their elasticity.

"Row! row! row!"

My God! does he know what he's doing? It is perfect agony. Stick to it, my boy; he is right, and we shall win yet. The cheering is increasing, and we are moving faster and faster, and yet faster. I am growing dizzy and faint, my eyesight is blurred, and the blood is beating hard and sharp in my temples. Surely, surely that is the blue shirt again creeping back into sight. I see it distinctly now. Hurrah! and we are rowing faster still. The cries are deafening, the cheering wild, and all grows confused and hazy—then an absolute blank.

A moment later and all is quiet. The race is over, and we are lying over our oars half fainting. A feeling of great relief comes over me, then of contentment, then of exuberant, intoxicating joy. I wait a moment before looking up; and now I feel calm again and happy. We have won.

JOHN HEARD, JUN.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

THE University of Michigan is an institution in whose progress not a single State alone, but the whole country as well, may claim an interest. In the early years of the present century Congress made to what was then the Territory of Michigan grants of public lands for the support of a University. When the Territory became a State it was provided in its Constitution that it should assume trusteeship of these grants and the income to be derived from them. The principal of the fund obtained from the sale of lands set apart for the University by the general government is now about half a million dollars. For a time the University depended almost exclusively on this fund for means to meet current expenses, but its rapid growth soon created a demand for further aid. In 1867 the State of Michigan by its Legislature began a series of liberal appropriations, which by the year 1885 had amounted to more than $1,200,000.

The University idea was prominently before the people of Michigan while still under a Territorial government, and indeed as far back as 1817 a charter was granted to the "Catholepistemiad, or University of Michigania"; but no organization in permanent form was effected until after the adoption of the State Constitution. The first meeting of the Governing Board was held in 1837, and this date marks the beginning commemorated in the semi-centennial celebration held at Ann Arbor June 29 and 30 of the current year. The first regular class was admitted in 1841, and four years later eleven young men received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. This small beginning stands in striking contrast with the record of 1887, when the calendar contains the names of 1572 students, and nearly or quite 400 young men and women are to receive degrees in arts, philosophy, science, letters, medicine, law, pharmacy, and dentistry.

This enumeration of the various degrees now conferred by the University shows that development has not been confined to any narrow line. There has been advance in many directions. Standing, as it does, not as an independent educational establishment, but as the recognized head of the State system of public instruction, the University has endeavored, as far as it could do so without detriment to departments previously established, to meet the popular demand for instruction in all branches of study. At first little more could be done than to follow the beaten track and adopt the ordinary college curriculum, Greek, Latin, and mathematics occupying the greater portion of every student's time. In 1851 a bill was passed requiring the Regents to provide for the admission of students without examination in ancient languages, and since that time courses not involving the study of Greek or Latin have been maintained side by side with, but not at the expense of, the classical course. More recently increased attention has been given to the enlargement of the facilities for instruction in engineering, chemistry, and other technological studies. The first professional school to have a faculty of its own was the medical school, organized in 1850; the law school followed in 1859; the first degrees in pharmacy were conferred in 1869; the homœopathic college and the dental college were opened in 1875.

The most striking feature of the University is the broad and liberal spirit in which it does its work. Students are allowed the widest freedom consistent with sound scholarship in pursuing the studies of their choice; they are held to no minute police regulations, but are treated as persons with high and definite aims, from which they are not to be easily diverted. No religious tests are imposed, but devotional exercises are held at stated times, which no one is compelled to attend against his choice, though all are welcome. Women are admitted to all departments on equal terms with men; the doors of the University are open to all applicants who are properly qualified, from whatever part of the world they may come. The fees for residents of Michigan are made very light; students from other States and countries pay a rather larger sum, though one that is quite moderate in comparison with charges made at many of the older colleges of the country. Of the 1572 students in attendance in 1886–7, a little more than one-half are registered from Michigan. Thirty-seven States and Territories are represented on the rolls, and 68 students come from beyond the limits of the United States. The number of women is 265.

The management of the university is in the hands of a board of eight Regents, elected by the people for terms of eight years. More than seventy instructors, besides numerous assistants, are actively engaged in the work of teaching. The library contains over 60,000 volumes. The chemical laboratory is surpassed in size and accommodations by few in the world.

JAMES B. ANGELL, LL.D., the present President, has held this position since 1871. During his absence of two years as United States Minister to China the chair was temporarily filled by HENRY S. FRIEZE, the widely known Professor of Latin, whose term of service at the University now covers thirty-three years. To President ANGELL's wise and skilful conduct of affairs a large share of credit for the rapid growth in the past decade is conceded by all. His immediate predecessor was Rev. Dr. ERASTUS O. HAVEN, who occupied the Presidency from 1863 to 1869. The first President, Dr. HENRY P. TAPPAN, whose term of office covered the period from 1852 to 1863, was the efficient leader in the work of organization, and in the laying of the firm foundations on which the splendid superstructure has been reared.

The list of professors and teachers who by many years of continuous service have been or still are conspicuously identified with the history of the University is too long to give in this brief sketch; but it will not be improper to single out for mention such names as Dr. ALEXANDER WINCHELL, the distinguished geologist; Professor WATSON, whose death in the prime of life made a large gap in the ranks of American astronomers; Drs. PALMER and FORD, who have worked together for more than thirty years in the medical faculty; Judges JAMES V. CAMPBELL and THOMAS M. COOLEY, the latter now at the head of the Inter-State Commerce Commission; ANDREW D. WHITE, the ex-President, and CHARLES K. ADAMS, the present President, of Cornell University.

A SOUTHERN BARBECUE.

A BARBECUE is typically Southern; as much so as the clam-bake is exclusively Northern. You might have a barbecue in Rhode Island, or in any of the Eastern States where there are pigs and clams, but in the South, where clams are not eaten, the pig is the all-important festive element. There is a derivation for barbecue which sounds very much as if it were right, its meaning being that an animal was to be roasted from its "*barbe*," beard or snout, to its "*queue*," tail; but then the final "cue" might not mean a caudal appendage, as possibly coming from the word "*cuire*," to cook; and then, again, "*cuir*," stands in French for leather or hide, and so the word might imply an entire animal cooked in his own skin. But why trouble one's self over such dry word-siftings when the roast pig is smoking hot, and, as CHARLES LAMB wrote it, begging you to eat him?

There be the political and social barbecue in the South, and our illustration presents the latter, a picnic with the pig. The master of ceremonies on an occasion of this kind is an all-important personage. He is a *cordon bleu* who from long experience knows when a pig is roasted to a turn. He has superintended the digging of the trench in which the fires were built so early in the day that now there is left a mass of glowing embers. With what infinite care he has selected his young pigs, and dressed them properly! It is a high art by itself to know how to secure them to the wooden spits. A little too hot a place would scorch or would smoke them. Then there is the basting to be done, so that the roast pig shall be juicy, yet brown and crisp. How carefully that colored man has portioned off a section of the trench for the roasting of sweet-potatoes, for the baking of the corn-pones! The barbecued pigs are not to be served all at once. There are the sharp-set ones in the company of white folks who cannot wait, but there are others who know that the last, the final roast pig always is Uncle MOSES's *chef-d'œuvre*, and so they wrestle with the pangs of hunger and judiciously bide their time. That huge pot may be for "biling de crab," if that barbecue be near the sea, or it might be that superbest of all soups, made of the glutinous okra, or, if it were very "far down Souf," a recipient for the concocting of the queen of soups, a gumbo *filée*. The white folks are in the grove, where there is shade, and Uncle MOSES's aids carry rapidly to the company dish after dish of the smoking pig. You can see the table, with the big carver, an axe, where MOSES cuts the roast into proper pieces. The barbecue is one of the delights of the South. And when the eating is over, and MOSES has received many congratulations and many quarters, just as likely as not the old man produces a fiddle, the second assistant cook an accordion, the colored scullions tambourines and bones, and music and a jolly dance will close the barbecue.

THE OLD CHOIR.

BY H. V. A. FERGUSON.

TO-DAY, with prayer-book in my hand,
I worship in my usual pew.
The service never seem'd so grand.
They sing the great *Te Deum* through;
But somehow, veil'd beneath the chime,
A pathos rules the tones sublime,
And, as they ebb and flow,
They sweep me up the stream of time
To twenty years ago.

The sexton nods beside the stairs;
Before his desk the priest I see,
Who, just as usual, drawls the prayers:
Each face is where it used to be
Before the years had stretch'd so wide—
The organist beside his keys;
The tenor, Tom, hard by his side;
The alto with her violet eyes;
The sweet soprano with her girlish face;
And I, who "led the choir" and sang the bass.

The lips of June have kiss'd the year,
And in the loft I wait to hear
A foot-fall break the calm.
In mellow'd splendor through the panes
The deepening twilight's purple stains
The air and spot embalm;
So hush'd and mystic, yet intense,
Imagin'd sweetness fills the sense,
As of a just-concluded psalm!

And now the death of day is knoll'd;
Flicker the organ's pipes of gold;
And as the purple light grows thin,
My fingers, self-instructed, drop
Upon the clarabella stop,
And loose the angel-voice within.

Is there a spirit in the place?
I know it by this sudden start,
This telltale throbbing of my heart.
Appear, with bashful face,
Dear nymph of all my hopes and fears—
Shy maiden, with the shell-like ears
And the Madonna's grace!

Oh, not for poets do young moons
Sail crescent barks on dappl'd seas—
For souls of lovers are these Junes,
With all their leafy ecstasies!
Shine, starry vault! and murmur, trees,
Your myriads of mysteries!
No sylvan secret you impart
Can match the love lock'd in my heart.

And now to-day—red-letter day
For hearts on which we dote—
Flowers make the chancel strangely gay,
And Tom has got one on his coat.

The alto wears a bridal veil.
In her dark hair the rose so pale
Is not more fair than she.
Tom leads her to the altar rail,
And all the town is there to see

Flare, golden pipes! Blow, bellows, blow!
Crash like a salvo, wedding march!
They're at the door; they've reach'd the larch
Beneath whose sprays (with buds aglow)
The "squire's" best carriage stands.
The lash is crack'd, away they go,
While all the girls throw kisses with their hands.

O, magic key that memory bears!
Yes—though I hope to be forgiven—
I've dropp'd my book, I've miss'd the prayers,
I've dream'd of love instead of heaven!

The sermon's done. And as he stands
Erect in priestly gown and bands,
Upon the people's bended heads
The parson with extended hands
The benediction spreads.

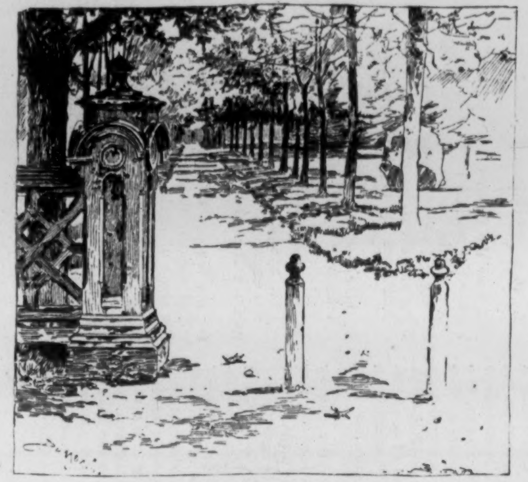
Listless, I wander up the street
To where the burial marbles gray
Have faced the rain and wintry sleet—
I think 'tis twenty years to-day.
I see the brier-rose blushing sweet,
I see the sprigs of caraway;
The warm air seems with life to thrill,
And every bird has time to trill
Its unpremeditated lay.

* * * * * *

How oft the marring planets bid
Our dawning joys dissolve in tears!
How many radiant hopes are hid
Behind the mists of twenty years!

Yet, howsoe'er it pain my heart,
And nightly make my eyelids wet,
A tender sweetness soothes the smart,
Nor leaves me leisure to regret—
What I, indeed, would not forget—
That e'er I saw that girlish face,
Or led that ancient choir and sang the bass.

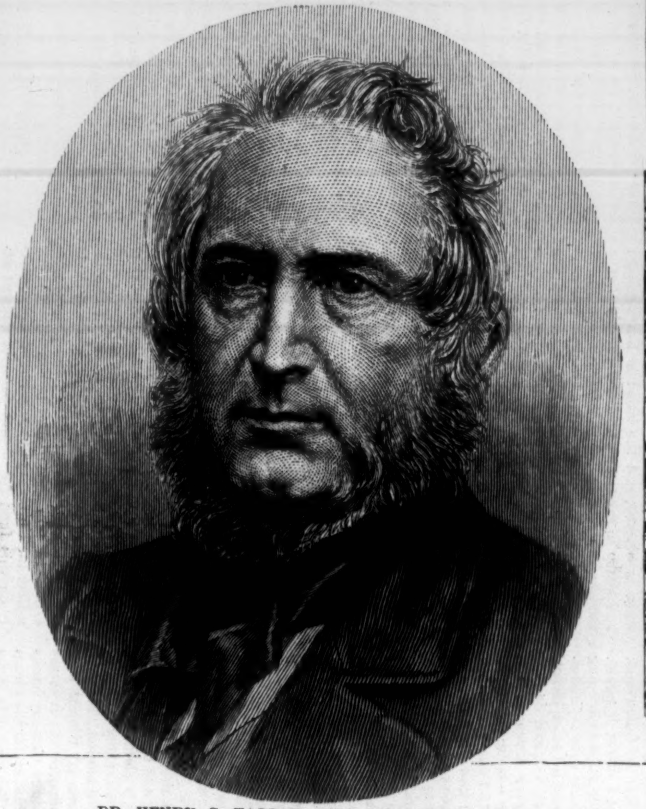
THE LIBRARY.



MAIN ENTRANCE TO CAMPUS.

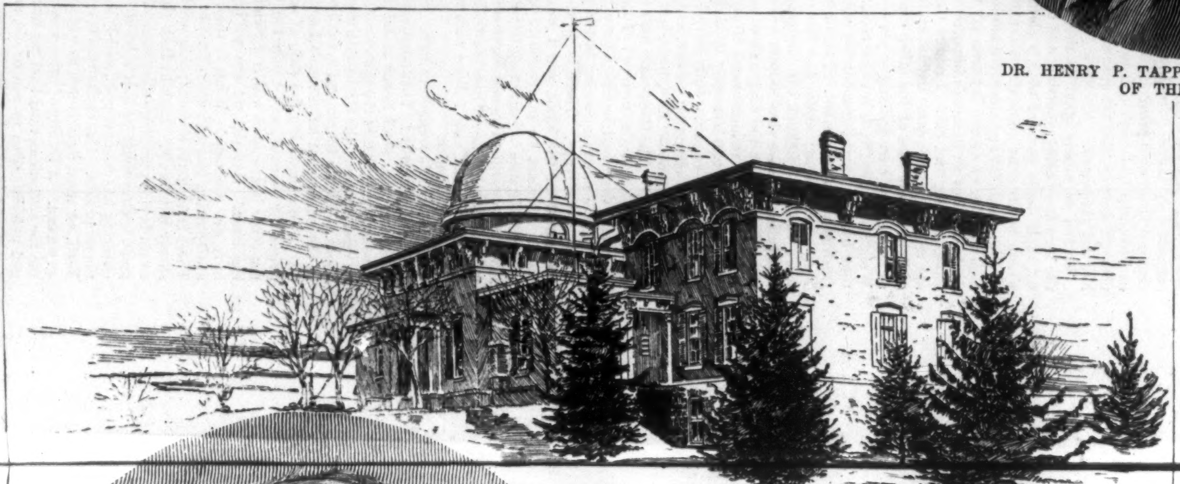
THE MUSEUM.

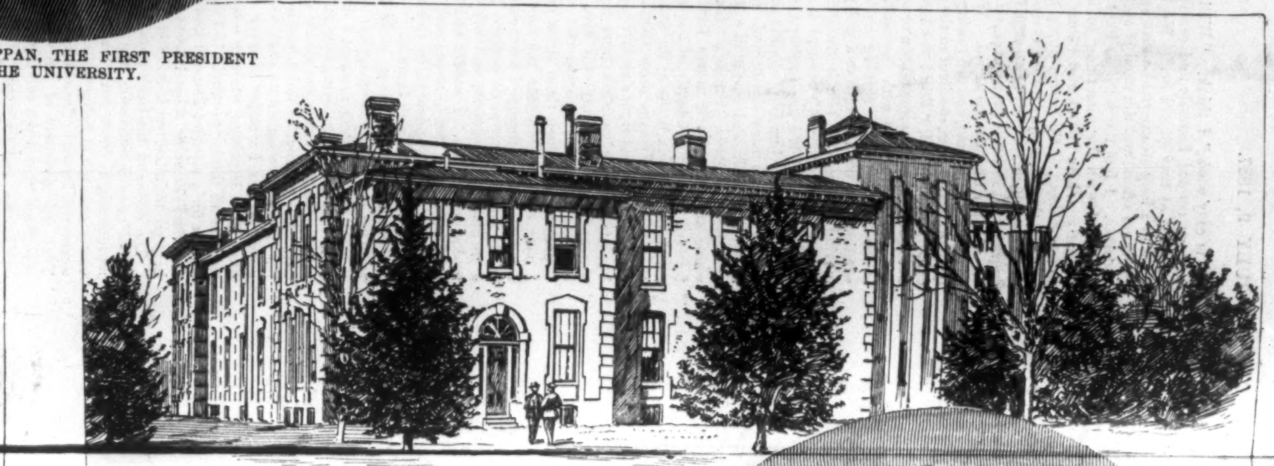
THE MEDICAL SCHOOL.



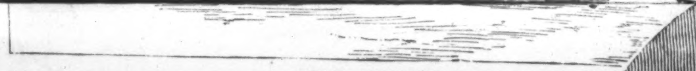
DR. HENRY P. TAPPAN, THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY.

THE SCHOOL OF DENTISTRY.



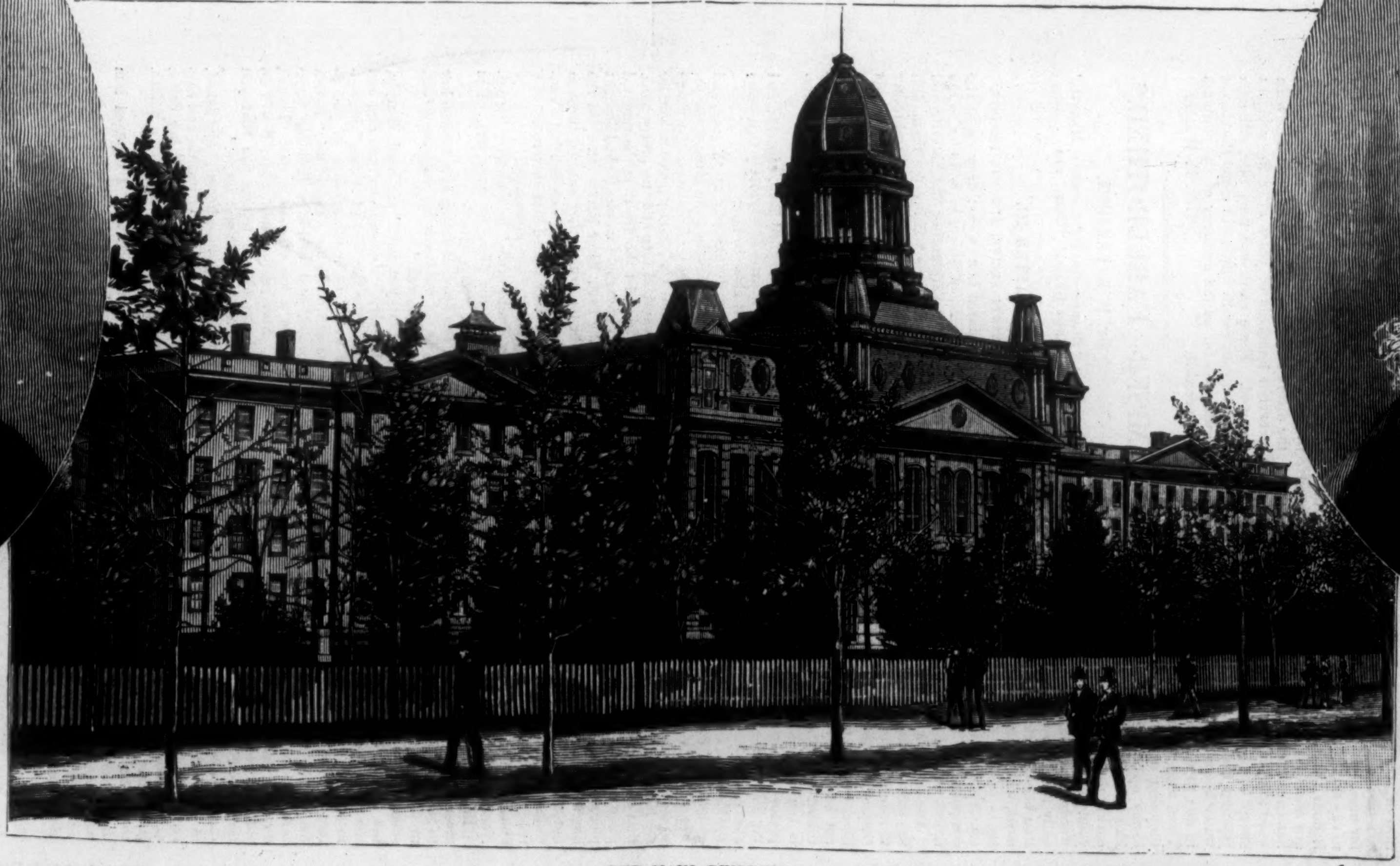


THE OBSERVATORY.



THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

JAMES B. ANGELL, LL.D., PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY.

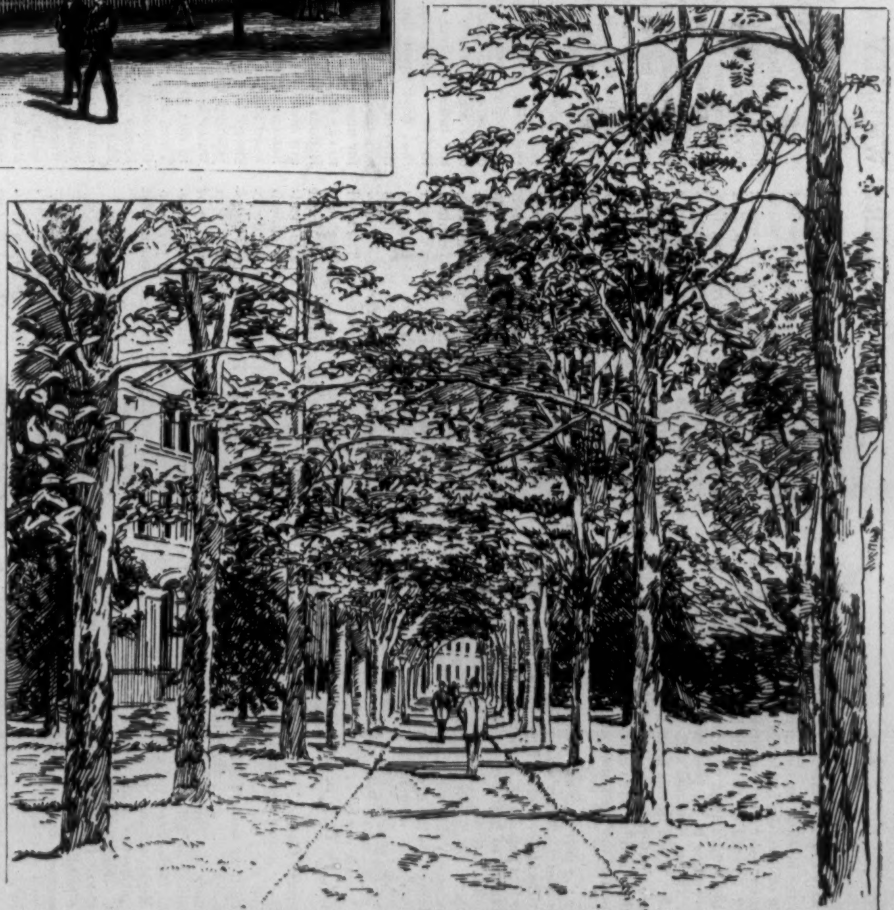


THE MAIN BUILDING.

HENRY S. FRIEZE, LL.D., PROFESSOR OF LATIN.

THE LAW SCHOOL.

THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.



A WALK ON THE CAMPUS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, AT ANN ARBOR.—DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 487.]

THE LATE MUSICAL SEASON.

During the musical season comprised between the middle of October, 1886, and the first of May of the present year there occurred in the city of New York upward of two hundred and twenty concerts the programmes of which were of sufficient importance to be preserved or mentioned in such works as Krehbiel's *Review* or Wilson's *Year-Book*. When to this large number are added operatic performances, the total reaches an amount that justifies the claim of New York to be the equal of the most musical cities of the Old World.

Besides the dozen or more minor works—Audran's *Indiana*, Dellinger's *Lorraine*, Gilbert and Sullivan's *Ruddygore*, and others—which enjoyed greater or less popularity, there were ninety-eight representations of grand opera given in Italian, German, and English. The season began with Italian opera by Signor Angelo's company, of which Madame Valda was the star. The enterprise collapsed on the eve of the tenth performance, which was announced to be Halévy's *L'Ebrea* (The Jewess). The répertoire consisted, with the exception of Petrella's *Ione*, entirely of the less known works of Verdi—*Luisa Miller*, *I Lombardi*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and *I Due Foscari*.

The German Opera Company, under the direction of Herr Anton Seidl and Mr. Walter Damrosch, gave sixty-one performances of fourteen operas, the total box-office receipts reaching the sum of $202,751. According to the figures of the Secretary and Director, Mr. Edmund C. Stanton, furnished to Mr. Krehbiel, the expenses of the season, including fixed charges for maintaining the Metropolitan Opera-house and the cost of new properties and repairs, amounted to $442,000. Each of the stockholders was assessed $2500. It was estimated that the patronage of the public, not counting the stockholders, was represented by an attendance of 137,399. These figures give some idea of the popular success attained by German opera. Eight composers were represented. Of these Wagner takes the lead. *Tristan and Isolde* was given eight times, *Tannhäuser* six times, *Der Meistersinger* and *Rienzi* five times each, *Lohengrin* four times, and *Die Walküre* three times, the six works being witnessed by about 83,420 people. The three performances of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, however, brought a higher average of attendance than those of any other opera. The other operas were Goldmark's *Konigin von Saba* and *Merlin*, Verdi's *Aida*, Meyerbeer's *Prophet*, Brüll's *Goldene Kreuz*, Gounod's *Faust*, and Auber's *Masaniello*. The principal artists were Fräulein Lilli Lehmann, Frau Brandt, Fräulein Herbert-Förster, Herr August Krauss, Herr Albert Niemann, Herr Alvary, Herr Robinson, and Herr Fischer.

The New York season of grand opera in English began late, and consisted of twenty regular subscription performances and two given in aid of charities. The National Opera Company presented nine operas, by eight composers, the list embracing such extremes as *Martha* and the *Huguenots*, *Galatea* and *The Flying Dutchman*, *Marriage of Jeannette* and *Aida*. The most notable production of this company was Rubinstein's *Nero*, which was given six times, and was brilliant as a spectacle, and pronounced even more than respectable musically. It was the first time that Russian opera, if such it may be called, had ever been heard in this country. The National Opera Company was under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas, and the principal artists were Madame Fursch-Madi, Miss Emma Juch, Madame Bertha Pierson, Mlle L'Allemand, Miss Laura Moore, Miss Van Zaulin, Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis, Mr. William Candidus, Mr. William Ludwig, and Mr. Myron W. Whitney. Large outlay was put into the ballet and into stage setting, and the general extravagance of the management early led to predictions as to ultimate shipwreck, which were at least partially justified by the demoralized condition of the company on its return from the West.

The season closed with a series of eight operatic performances by Madame Patti, supported by a company picked up in the by-ways and hedges. The old stand-bys, *La Traviata*, *Semiramide*, *Faust*, *Lucia*, *Marta*, and *Carmen*, were the operas chosen. Madame Patti, for the first time, assumed the rôle of the witching, wayward Carmen, and the criticisms upon her performance ranged from the most adulatory to the most severe. The pecuniary triumph of Madame Patti, however, atoned for whatever sense of artistic failure she realized from the coldness of her crowded audiences.

It may be interesting to note in passing that out of the thirty different operas performed during the last season in New York, exactly two-thirds are described in some detail, in connection with a sensible, plain analysis of the plots, in Mr. George P. Upton's little manual entitled *The Standard Operas*. Mr. Upton was the musical critic for a Chicago journal, and the wretched travesties palmed off in the way of "opera books" and "books of the opera" must have suggested to him this handbook, which contains short biographies of twenty-two composers and synopses of some sixty-four operas. The selection is well made, though, in the light of recent developments, about a dozen other operas might be added in place of several which seem likely to be permanently shelved.

The same author has also given the public a somewhat similar hand-book on *The Standard Oratorios: their Stories, their Music, and their Composers*. A very succinct sketch of the evolution of the oratorio, and an incomplete summary of sacred music in America, together with a chronological list, arranged alphabetically, of "the more important sacred music which has been written during the last two centuries," are added. The book contains analyses of thirty-eight oratorios, by twenty-three composers, and the appendix mentions 141 works by fifty-four composers. During the season just past, the Oratorio Society, under the direction of Mr. Walter J. Damrosch, gave Handel's *Israel in Egypt* and *The Messiah* and Liszt's *Christus*. These works are all carefully outlined in Mr. Upton's work; but William Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, Max Bruch's *Achilleus* (likewise his *Arminius*), Berlioz's *Troyens*, Buck's *Golden Legend*, *Legend of Munio*, and *Voyage of Columbus*, Schumann's *Manfred* and *Paradise and the Peri*, Hummel's *Columbus*, A. Goring Thomas's *Sun Worshippers*, Alfred Gaul's *Ruth*, Rubinstein's *Paradise Lost*, Mackenzie's *Bride*, Moscowski's *Dem Genius der Musik*, which were given in whole or in part in New York or Brooklyn, are not treated in it.

There is not space to speak of all the choral, vocal, and orchestral works presented during the year. The number of novelties was, however, not very large. The most important, aside from new operas, were Berlioz's *The Trojans in Carthage*, Brahms's Fourth Symphony (E minor), Kelley's *Macbeth* music, Rheinberger's cantata *Die Rosen von Hildesheim*, and Rubinstein's Sixth Symphony in A minor, which was successively put into practice and discarded by Mr. Thomas and Herr Seidl, and afterward performed successfully by Mr. Van der Stucken's orchestra. The total number of novelties was forty-five. Perhaps the greatest novelty in orchestral music was afforded by Herr Seidl's vigorous and almost erratic reading of Beethoven Symphonies, and the superb playing of the Boston orchestra under the direction of Mr. Gericke. Mr. Thomas, who was largely occupied with the affairs of the National Opera Company, was obliged to relax the discipline of the Philharmonic orchestra, and there was a decided falling off in the character of the performances. On the whole, the musical season just past was very successful.

Nathan Haskell Dole.

A GREAT AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

The National Agricultural Exposition, an illustration of whose building is published in this issue, will be opened early in September in Kansas City, Missouri. It is the first time in the history of expositions that agriculture has been given a special pre-eminence, but it is the intention of the management not only to represent the products and machinery of agriculture, but to give ample space in this building to every other industry. Great prominence will be given to mining, as Kansas City is situated comparatively but a short distance from the great mining regions of the Rocky Mountains. The general machinery display will embrace everything that is produced in America, from a knitting-machine to a locomotive, and a splendid display in this department is already assured.

The building occupies the centre of a forty-acre tract of land one mile and a quarter from the Post-office in Kansas City. It is approached by three cable lines, a dummy steam line, and the Kansas City Belt Line Railroad, over which all the roads centring in Kansas City have access to the exposition grounds. The management of the exposition consists of the following gentlemen: James Goodin, President; Hamilton S. Wicks, Vice-President and Secretary; John W. Ryckman, Manager; F. J. W. Hart, Architect. The Manager and Secretary have had considerable experience in the conduct of expositions.

There will be four entrances to the building, which will cover an area of 255 by 450 feet. In shape it will resemble a Latin cross on each end, with two wings extending out on both sides in the centre. It will be two stories in height, with basement, and will be built of stone, iron, brick, and glass. The fine-art hall will be in the main tower, and this is so arranged that ample light will be secured for all parts of the hall—an item of great importance in art display. The dining-room will be situated in this tower, 120 feet above the ground, affording a very fine view of the city and surrounding country. Here the visitor, while satisfying the inner man, can feast his eyes upon the magnificent distances spread out before him. On the top of the tower will be a summer garden, containing choice shrubs and flowers, arranged in the highest style of the florist's art. The basement floor will be given up to machinery and manufactures, and this will be one of the most complete and interesting departments of the exhibition. Ample steam-power will be provided, and the hum of the thousand different machines will be music to the many seekers of knowledge in this department. The main entrance to the building will be under the tower, and on each side of the hall will be provided waiting and toilet rooms fitted up with all conveniences.

Coming in at the main entrance, the visitor will be on the first floor, and this is devoted to the agricultural and horticultural displays of the exhibition. The second floor will be devoted to textile and other products, and will afford ample room and light for a display of this character. In the north tower press-rooms will be fitted up, with all the necessary conveniences, and from this tower will be issued each day an Exposition journal. The building will contain four towers, access to each of which can be had by stairs or elevator. The grand entrance, under the main tower, is through a beautiful archway. Botanical gardens will be laid out in the angles formed by the wings, and will be an interesting feature of the exhibition. The roof is of a dome-like shape, and so arranged that ample light is afforded to all parts of the building. The block south of the exhibition, owned by the company, will be fenced in, and will contain booths on the sides, where visitors can rest in the shade, cooled by the spray from the fountain which will be placed in the centre. The block to the north of the building will also contain booths, and will be devoted to agricultural implements.

DIVING FOR SHIPWRECKED TREASURES.

The number of valuable wrecks that are annually sunk along our Atlantic coast has increased so rapidly of late years that the art of diving has become more than ever an important one. Stories of sunken treasures have been told and retold, until every boy is familiar with Captain Kidd's vessel, which went down somewhere—but no one knows just where—with an unknown quantity of gold and silver on board. Every year or two the report is circulated that the exact spot has at last been discovered, and divers are set at work to rescue the treasure. Although there are many wild stories about such things, it is still a matter of fact that millions of dollars in the form of precious stones, golden ornaments, and coined money are scattered over the bottom of the ocean. Most of these treasures are in deep water, where they cannot be reached by the ordinary diver without considerable danger to life. Unlike human bodies and other things that float upon the surface of the water until thrown upon some beach or shore, wrecked vessels go straight to the bottom, and there remain for ages. It has become a common expression to say that the "sea throws up everything"; but it does not throw up the golden treasures that are once put within its grasp. When a vessel has once filled with water it settles slowly downward until it strikes the sandy bottom, where the sharp keel grates and rubs unceasingly on the yielding floor of the ocean. The action of the water keeps the wreck in constant motion, and in due time it becomes half buried in the sand. Then, with volumes of green water rolling and tumbling over its head, the once stately vessel looms up above the surrounding dark objects like an old deserted mansion. The sea-spider crawls over its deck, the small fishes breed their young in the cabin, and the ocean plants and sea-weeds wind about the masts and rigging. Gradually the heap of broken and twisted wood and iron becomes clothed with a thick coating of sea-moss, while blossoming zoöphites, sea-weed, and fucus form a dense vegetable mantle. In this condition the wreck remains until time has decomposed the wood and rust eaten up the iron, unless rescued by some daring diver.

The longer a vessel has been below the waves, the more difficult becomes the work of the diver to reach its treasures. The pressure of the sand frequently crushes in the sides of the hull and blocks up the passageway to the cabin, if it does not bury everything beneath a heap of broken timber and rubbish. Clearing away such débris is the most difficult task that the diver has to perform, as he is constantly in danger of severing his air-pipe, which supplies him with air from above, by some of the floating pieces of wood. Besides this, the cabin of the vessel is dark and gloomy, and only the expert divers can work in water that is pitch-dark. It is said that those who have been well trained to work in dark water have their sense of touch so finely developed that they can distinguish a piece of brass from a piece of copper when under water. If the same pieces of metal were presented to them on a table, with their eyes blindfolded, the divers could not tell the difference, but if put in a basin of water the distinction between them would be readily detected. This acute sense of touch enables them to pick out the gold plates or coins from other metals.

In descending to a wreck on a warm day the diver is exposed to the peculiar danger of going to sleep. The sudden change from extreme heat to delicious coolness induces a listless, sleepy sensation to creep gradually over him, which, if not thrown off by violent work and exercise of the will, often results disastrously. Sometimes, in spite of experience, the diver yields for a moment to the temptation, and rests upon the bottom of the sea or the deck of the vessel. The result is about the same as when a person sits down to rest in the snow when nearly overcome with the cold. Sleep inevitably follows the sitting down. In the case of the diver, however, the sleep is not an endless one if he is working in still water, where no tides or currents interfere with his work. But in certain localities, like at the mouths of rivers or near deep inlets, it is possible to work only a short time each day, the rising tide or changing currents making it dangerous to attempt it at any other time than when they are not in active motion. To fall asleep in such a place means a horrible death to the diver.

Occasionally treasures that are thus sunk in the ocean near the shore are found in a very curious way, and without the help of a diver. If a vessel once becomes deeply imbedded in the sand, it remains stationary until it decays or is thrown up by some violent upheaval. The sand reefs and bars are changing their position year after year by the action of the water. The sand seems to be ever in constant motion; washing away from one shore and building up another one. During violent storms sand reefs a mile in length have been known to change their position, while others have disappeared altogether, and new ones have been emerged from the water on another coast at the same time. The strongest rocky coast is sometimes unable to withstand the repeated blows of nature's heavy battering-ram. The strength of the waves is greater on the surface of the water than below, but during exceptionally heavy storms the agitation extends many fathoms downward. At such times the wreck imbedded in the sand may be wrenched from its position, and driven with irresistible force upon the reef. Tons of sand would be carried along with it, and probably the nucleus of a new sand-bar be thus formed by the heap of rubbish. When a point around which the sand can collect is once formed, the work of accumulation goes on rapidly. A sort of eddy is formed around the point, and the sand is forced into it with great rapidity, and after being drawn back and forth for a time it is finally deposited near the base of the heap. This operation continuing for a long period soon pushes the top of the new reef out of water, which in time becomes a permanent beach. The wrecked vessel, with all its costly treasures of gold and silver, is thus buried many feet down in the sand. Beaches that have been formed in this way have frequently been dug up for various reasons, and the treasures buried years before discovered. For a long time it was impossible to suggest how the pieces of broken planks and iron bolts and rivets of the vessel got into the sand; but as the work and action of the restless ocean were more carefully studied, the above explanation was accepted as the most probable one.

Again, divers have frequently explored certain localities of the ocean until they became so familiar with the bottom of the ocean that they could point out every slight knoll or elevation in the sandy floor. But after a heavy storm the place would be so changed that it could scarcely be recognized. On descending for the purpose of examining the bottom, divers have found the wrecks of vessels resting on the sand. During the violent storm the sand had been shifted from some old wreck, and the whole thrown up to the surface. Treasures that have been lost by the sand covering the vessels so deeply that the divers could not get at them have thus been recovered hundreds of years after the accident occurred. These cases are very rare, although several are on record which will stand the closest scrutiny, so far as the accuracy of the accounts is concerned.

Geo. E. Walsh.

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

By B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Joshua Marvel," "Golden Grain," "Grif," etc.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEW TENANTS ARRIVE, AND ONE DEPARTS.

At the appointed hour a cart drew up at the gates of Parksides, in which, in addition to the driver, were Miser Farebrother and his wife and child. Tom Barley was waiting for them, and he darted forward to assist. Miser Farebrother alighted first, and receiving the child from his wife, looked rather helplessly about him, Mrs. Farebrother not being strong enough to alight without help.

"Can you hold a child?" asked Miser Farebrother of Tom Barley.

"Yes, your honor," replied Tom, eagerly; and he took the child, a little girl scarcely two years old, and cuddled it close to him.

The mother looked anxiously at the lad, and the moment her feet touched the ground she relieved him of the charge. The moonlight shone upon the group, and Tom Barley gazed in wonder at the lady's beautiful face and the pretty babe. Desiring Tom to assist the driver in the removal of the necessary household articles he had brought with him in the cart, Miser Farebrother led the way into the house, which they entered through the door at the back. As he was lighting a candle, Mrs. Farebrother sighed and shivered.

"It is very lonely," she murmured.

"It is very comfortable," he retorted; "a palace compared to the place we have left. You will get well and strong here."

She shook her head, and said, in a tone so low that the words did not reach her husband's ears, "I shall never get well."

"What is that you say?" he cried, sharply. She did not reply. "Instead of grumbling and trying not to make the best of things," he continued, "it would be more sensible of you to light the fire and make me a cup of tea. Here's plenty of wood, and here's a fireplace large enough to burn a ton of coals a day. I must see to that. Now bustle about a bit: it will do you good. I am always telling you that you ought to be more energetic and active."

"Is there no servant in the house?" she asked, wearily. She had taken off her mantle, and having wrapped her child in it and laid her down, was endeavoring to obey her husband's orders. "You said you had one."

"So I have, a man-servant. I engaged him expressly for you."

"The boy at the gate?"

"Yes; and here he is, loaded. That's right, Tom; be sharp and willing, and you'll die a rich man."

Tom Barley was sharp enough to perceive that Mrs. Farebrother was too weak for the work she was endeavoring to perform, and willing enough to step to her assistance.

"May I light the fire?" he asked, timidly.

She nodded, and sinking into a chair, lifted her child from the floor and nursed her. Seeing her thus engaged, and Tom busy on his knees, Miser Farebrother ran out, and he and the driver between them carried in the rest of the things, the most important being the miser's desk, which he had conveyed at once to the bedroom above. His mind was easier when he saw that precious depository in a place of safety.

Meanwhile Tom Barley was proving himself a most cheerful and capable servant.

"When his honor told me," he whispered, "that he was coming here late at night with you and the baby—a little girl, ain't it?—I thought it would be chilly without a fire, so I cleaned out the fireplace and the chimbley, and got a lot of wood together. There's plenty of it—enough to last a lifetime. Don't you move, now; I can make tea. Used to make mother's. Where's the things? In the basket? Yes; here they are. Here's the kittle, and here's the tea, in a bloo paper; and here's the teapot; and here's two cups; and here's a bottle of milk and some

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1593.

sugar. It's a blazing fire—ain't it? That's the best of dry wood. The kittle 'll bile in a minute—it's biling already!"

From time to time the delicate woman gave him a grateful look, which more than repaid him, and caused him to double his exertions to make her comfortable. By the time the tea was made, Miser Farebrother had completed the removal of the goods, and had settled with the driver, after a good deal of grumbling at the extortionate demand.

"You can go, Tom," he said to the lad. "Be up early in the morning and make the fire."

"Good-night, your honor."

"Did you hear me tell you to go?" exclaimed Miser Farebrother.

Tom Barley received a kind look from Mrs. Farebrother as he left the room, and he went away perfectly happy.

In another hour the house was quiet and the light extinguished. Miser Farebrother was in secure possession of Parksides, and he fell asleep in the midst of a calculation of how much money he would save in rent in the course of the next twenty years. Other calculations also ran through his head in the midst of his fitful slumbers—calculations of figures and money, and interest, and sharp bargains with needy men, clients he was bleeding to his own profit. No thought in which figures and money did not find a place did he bestow upon the more human aspect of his life, in which there was to be almost immediately an important change.

Within a fortnight of her entrance into the desolate house Mrs. Farebrother lay upon her death-bed. She had been weak and ailing for months past, and the night's journey from London, no less than the deep unhappiness which, since her marriage, had plucked the roses from her cheeks and made her heart heavy and sad, now hastened her end. As she lay upon the ancient stately bed from which she was never to rise, a terrible loneliness fell upon her. Her darling child was by her side, mercifully asleep; her husband was moving about the apartment; the sunbeams falling through the window brought no comfort to the weary heart—all was so desolate, so desolate! In a trembling voice she called her husband to her.

"Well?" he asked.

"I must see my sister," she said.

"I will not have her," he cried. "You are well enough without her. I will not have her here!"

"I am well enough—to die," she murmured. "I must see my sister before I go."

"You are frightening yourself unnecessarily," said Miser Farebrother, fretfully. "You are always full of fancies, and putting me to expense. You never had the slightest consideration for me—not the slightest. You think of nobody but yourself."

"I am frightened of this place," she found strength to say. "I cannot, I will not, die here alone! I must see my sister, I must see my sister!"

Still he made no movement to comply with her request.

"If you do not send for her at once," said his wife, "I will get up and go from the house and die in the roadway. God will give me strength to do it. I must see my sister, I must see my sister!"

Awed, if not convinced, and fearful, too, lest any disturbance which it was in his power to avoid might bring him into unfavorable notice, and interfere with his cherished plans, he said, reluctantly, "I will send for her."

"You are not deceiving me? You are not promising what you do not intend to perform?"

"I will send for her, I tell you."

"If you do not," she said—and there was a firmness in her weak tones which was not without its effect upon him—"misfortune will attend you all the days of your life. Nothing you do will prosper."

He was superstitious, and believed in omens; and this sounded like a prophecy, the warning of which he dared not neglect. His wife's eyes followed him as he stepped to his desk and sat down and wrote. Presently he left the room, and went in search of Tom Barley, to whom he gave a letter, bidding him to post it in the village. Grumbling at what he had done, he returned to his wife.

"Is my sister coming?" she asked.

"I have written to her," he replied. "Go to sleep and rest. You will be better in the morning."

"Yes," she sighed, as she pressed her child close to her bosom, "I shall be better in the morning. Oh, my sweet flower! my heart's treasure! Guard her, gracious Lord! Make her life bright and happy—as mine once promised to be! I could have given love for love; but it was denied to me. Not mine the fault—not mine, not mine!"

The day waned, the evening shadows fell, and night came on. Upon a table at some distance from the bed was one thin tallow candle, the feeble flame of which flickered dismally. During the long weary hours Mrs. Farebrother did not sleep; she dozed occasionally; but the slightest sound aroused her. In her light slumbers she dreamt of incidents in her happy girlhood before she was married—incidents apparently trivial, but not really so because of the sweet evidences of affection which made them memorable: a song, a dance, a visit to the sea-side, a ramble in fragrant woods; innocent enjoyments from which sprang fond imaginings never to be realized. Betweenwhiles, when she was awake, the gloom of the room and the monstrous shadows thrown by the dim light upon portions of the walls and ceiling distressed her terribly, and she needed all her strength of mind to battle against them. In these transitions of sensation were expressed all the harmonies and discordances of mortal life. Bitter to her had been their fruit!

An hour before midnight she heard the sound of carriage wheels without, and she sat straight up in her bed from excitement, and then fell back exhausted.

"It is my sister," she said, faintly, to her husband. "Let her come up at once. Thank God, she is here in time!"

Her sister bent fondly and in great grief over her. Between these two existed a firm and faithful affection, but the circumstances of Mrs. Farebrother's marriage had caused them to see very little of each other of late years.

"Attend to my darling Phœbe," whispered Mrs. Farebrother; "there is no female servant in the house. Oh, I am so glad you have come before it was too late!"

"Do not say too late, my dearest," said her sister; but her heart was faint within her as she gazed upon the pallid face and the thin wasted hands; "there are happy years before you."

"Not one, not one!" murmured Mrs. Farebrother.

"Why did you not send for me before?"

The dying woman made no reply, and her sister undressed little Phœbe, and placed her in a cot by the mother's bedside. Then she smoothed the sheets and pillows, and sat quietly, with her sister's hand in hers.

"It is like old times," murmured Mrs. Farebrother, wistfully. "You were always good to me. Tell me, my dear—put your head close to mine—oh, how sweet, how sweet! Were it not for my darling child I should think that Heaven was shining upon me!"

"What is it you want to know, dear? You were about to ask me something."

"Yes, yes. Tell me—are you happy at home?"

"Very happy."

"Truly and indeed?"

"Truly and indeed. We are not rich, but that does not matter."

"Your husband is good to you?"

"There is no one in the world like him; he is the best, the noblest, the most unselfish of men!" But here, with a sudden feeling of remorse, she stopped. The contrast between her bright home and the gloomy home of her sister struck her with painful force; to speak of the joys of the one seemed to accentuate the miseries of the other.

"Go on, dear," said Mrs. Farebrother, gently; "it does not hurt me, indeed it does not; I have grown so used, in other homes, to what you see around you here that custom has made it less bitter than it once was. It makes me happy to hear of your happiness, and it holds out a glad prospect that my dear child, when she grows up, may have a little share in it."

"She shall, she shall; I promise it solemnly."

"Thank you, dear. So you must go on telling me of your good husband. He is still in his bank?"

"Yes, dear; and hopes for a rise before long. He is always full of hope, and that is worth a great deal—it means so much! He thinks of nothing but his home, and those in it—who are dear to him. He dotes upon the children."

"The dear children! Are they well and strong?"

"Yes, dear; and they grow prettier and prettier every day."

"You must kiss them fondly for me, and give them my dear love."

"I will be sure to. You must not talk any more just now; you are tired out. Try and sleep."

"I think I shall be able. God bless you, dear!"

"God bless you, dearest!"

In a few moments, the tension of anxious watching and waiting being over, Mrs. Farebrother slept. Her sister gazed at her solicitously and mournfully. At such a time the cherished memories of old are burdened with a sadness which weighs heavily upon the heart.

"She is not so ill as she fancies, is she?"

It was Miser Farebrother who spoke to her. She rose softly, and led him from the bed, so that their conversation should not disturb the sufferer.

"Why did you not send me a telegram instead of a letter?"

"A telegram!" he cried. "Do you think I am made of money?"

"I am not thinking of your money; I am thinking of my sister. What does the doctor say?"

"The doctor!" he exclaimed. "I have none."

Gentle-natured as she was, she looked at him in horror.

"You have none—and my sister dying!"

"It is not true," he whined, thinking of the inconvenience such an event would cause him; "it cannot be true. She was well a few days ago. I cannot afford doctors. You are all in a conspiracy to rob me!"

"I was told as I came along that this great house is yours."

"Yes, it is—my property, my own."

"And a great deal of land around, and everything in the place."

"Yes, it is—all mine, all mine!" And then, with a sudden suspicion, "Do you intend to dispute it?"

"Heaven forbid! What is it to do with me—except that when you speak of ruin to me, and of not being able to afford a doctor, you are speaking what is false. Why did you marry?"

"I don't know," he replied, wringing his hands, "I don't know. I ought never to have done it. I ought to have lived alone, with nobody to keep but myself."

"It would have been better for my poor sister. But she is your wife, and I shall not allow her to suffer as she is suffering without seeking medical assistance. I have never been in this neighborhood, and know nothing about it. Where is the nearest doctor?"

"I can't tell you; I am almost as much a stranger here as you are."

"There must be one not very far off. Who was the lad who opened the door for me when I came to-night?"

"My servant, Tom Barley. What do you want him for? He is asleep by this time. He has work to do the first thing in the morning."

"Where does he sleep?"

"Outside; in the stable."

"I shall find it. You must write a few words on paper for me."

"I'll do nothing of the sort. You sha'n't force me to put my name to anything. Do you think I am not up to such tricks?"

"If you don't do as I say I will bring a lawyer here as well as a doctor."

This woman possessed a sweet and gentle nature, and nothing but the evidence of an overwhelming wrong could have so stirred it to sternness. Miser Farebrother was terrified at the threat of bringing a lawyer into the house; and as he had given way to his wife earlier in the day, so now was he compelled by his fears to give way to her sister. He wrote as she directed:

"'Mr. Farebrother, of Parksides, urgently requests the doctor to come immediately to his house to see Mrs. Farebrother, who, he fears, is seriously ill.'"

He fought against two words—"urgently," because it might cause the doctor to make a heavier charge; and "seriously," because a construction that he had been neglectful might be placed on it. But his sister-in-law was firm, and he wrote as she dictated.

"I will send the lad with it," said Miser Farebrother.

"I will send him myself," said his sister-in-law. "There must not be a moment's delay."

There was no need for her to seek Tom Barley in the stable; he was sitting up in the kitchen below.

She gave him the letter, and desired him to run as fast as he could to the village and find a doctor, who was to come back with him. If the doctor demurred, and wanted to put it off till the following day, he was to be told that it was a matter of life and death.

Tom Barley was visibly disturbed when he heard this.

"Who is it, lady?" he asked. "His honor's wife, or the baby?"

"His wife. You're a kind-hearted lad, and won't waste a moment, will you?"

"No, lady; trust me."

He was not above taking the sixpence she offered him, and he ran out of the house like a shot.

Within the hour he was back with the doctor, whose looks were grave as he examined his patient.

"There is hope, doctor?" said Mrs. Farebrother's sister. "Tell me there is hope!"

He shook his head, and gently told her she must prepare for the worst.

"She is past prescribing for," he said. "I can do nothing for her. She has been for some time in a decline."

The sentence being passed, she had no room in her heart for any other feeling than pity for her dying sister. In the sunrise, when the sweet air was infusing strength into fresh young life, the end came. Mrs. Farebrother whispered to her sister that she wished to speak to her husband alone. Thoroughly awed, he sat by her side. She made no reference to the past; she uttered no reproaches. She spoke only of their child, and begged him to be good to her. He promised all that she asked of him.

"You will get some good woman into the house to take care of her?" she said.

"Yes; I promise."

"And my sister must see her whenever she wishes to do so."

"Yes."

"And when our dear one is old enough and strong enough you will let her go to my sister, and stop with her a little now and then? It will do her good to mix with children of her own age."

"Yes; I promise."

"As you deal by her, so will you be dealt by. May Heaven prosper you in all worthy undertakings! Kiss me. Let there be peace and forgiveness between us."

He kissed her, and sat a little apart while she and her sister, their cheeks nestling, exchanged their last words.

"Look after my treasure," whispered the mother.

"I will, dear, as tenderly and carefully as if she were one of my own."

"You must come here and see her sometimes; he has promised that you may; and when she grows up you will let her come to you?"

"She will always be lovingly welcome. My home is hers, if she should ever need one."

"God bless you! May your life be prosperous and ever happy!"

Before noon she drew her last breath, and Parksides was without a mistress.

CHAPTER IV.

PHŒBE AND THE ANGELS.

It did not long remain so. In less than a fortnight after Mrs. Farebrother's death a house-keeper was installed in Parksides. Her name was Mrs. Pamflett, and her age thirty. Being called "Mrs.," the natural inference was that she was either wife or widow; but as no questions were put to her on this point there were none to answer, and it certainly did not appear to be anybody's business but her own. Miser Farebrother, being entirely wrapped up in his money-bags, gave the entire household into the care of Mrs. Pamflett, one of its items being the motherless child Phœbe. A capable house-keeper, thrifty, careful, and willing to work, Miser Farebrother was quite satisfied with her performance of her duties; but she was utterly unfit to rear a child so young as Phœbe, for whom, it must be confessed, she had no particular love; and Phœbe would have fared badly in many ways had it not been for her aunt.

Mrs. Lethbridge lived in London, in the not very aristocratic neighborhood of Camden Town. She and Phœbe's mother had been married on the same day—one to a man whose miserly habits were unknown, and had, indeed, not at that time grown into a confirmed disease; the other to a bank clerk, who was expected to keep up the appearance of a gentleman, and fitly rear and educate a family, upon a salary of a hundred and eighty pounds a year. Fortunately for him and his wife, their family was not numerous, consisting of one son and one daughter. With Miser Farebrother they had nothing in common; he so clearly and unmistakably discouraged their attempts to cement an affectionate or even a friendly intimacy that they had gradually and surely dropped away from each other. This was a great grief to the sisters, but the edict issued by Miser Farebrother was not to be disputed.

"I will not allow your sister or her husband to come to the house," he had said to his wife when, in the early days of their married life, she remonstrated with him; later on she had not the courage or the spirit to expostulate against his harsh decrees, to which she submitted with a breaking heart. "They are a couple of busybodies, and you can tell them so if you please, with my compliments."

Mrs. Farebrother did not tell her sister what her husband called them, but she wrote and said that for the sake of peace they had better not come to see her. The Lethbridges mournfully acquiesced; indeed, they had no alternative: they could not force themselves into the house of a man who would not receive them.

"But if we can't go to her," said Mrs. Lethbridge, "Laura"—which was Mrs. Farebrother's Christian name—"can come to us."

This, also, after a little while, Miser Farebrother would not allow.

"I will not," he said, "have my affairs talked about by people who are not friendly to me."

"That is your fancy," said Mrs. Farebrother; "they would be very happy if you would allow them to be friendly."

"Of course," he sneered, "so that they could poke their heads into my business. I tell you I will not have it."

She sighed, and submitted; and thereafter, when she and her sister met, it was by appointment in a strange place. Even these rare meetings, upon their being discovered, were prohibited, and thus Miser Farebrother succeeded in parting two sisters who loved each other devotedly.

"Whatever Laura saw in that miserly bear," said Mrs. Lethbridge, indignantly, to her husband, "to marry him is a mystery I shall never be able to discover."

But this mystery is of a nature common enough in the matrimonial market, and may be attributed to thousands of ill-assorted couples.

It was plainly Miser Farebrother's intention to discourage Mrs. Lethbridge's visits to Parksides after the death of his wife; promises were in no sense sacred to him, even death-bed promises, unless their performance was necessary to his interests, and in this instance he very soon decided that it was not.

"You perceive," he said to Mrs. Lethbridge, "that I have a house-keeper to look after the child. You are giving yourself a deal of unnecessary trouble trudging down here—for what? To ascertain whether she is properly dressed? You see she is. Whether she has enough to eat? She looks well enough, doesn't she? Don't you think you had better devote yourself to your own domestic affairs instead of prying into mine? Your husband must be very rich that you can afford to pay railway fares and cab fares to come to a house where you are not wanted."

This, in effect, was the sum of his efforts to prevent her from visiting Parksides; and his sneers and slighting allusions, made from time to time, were successful in curtailing her visits to his house during the young childhood of little Phœbe. They were not successful, however, in putting a stop to them altogether, until Phœbe was fourteen years of age, from which time her intercourse with her relatives was maintained by the young girl's visits to Camden Town—happy visits, lasting seldom less than two or three days. Until Phœbe was fourteen, her aunt came down to Parksides only once in every three months. Occasionally Mrs. Lethbridge caught a glimpse of Miser Farebrother, whose welcome, if he gave her one at all, was of the surliest; and as between her and Mrs. Pamflett a strong and silent antipathy had been contracted from their first interview, Mrs. Lethbridge's visits could not be said to be of the pleasantest. But for the sake of her dead sister, whom she had so fondly loved, and of the motherless child, whose sweet ways endeared her to the good aunt, she bore with all the slights that were put upon her; and although she spoke of them at home to her husband, she never mentioned them to her children.

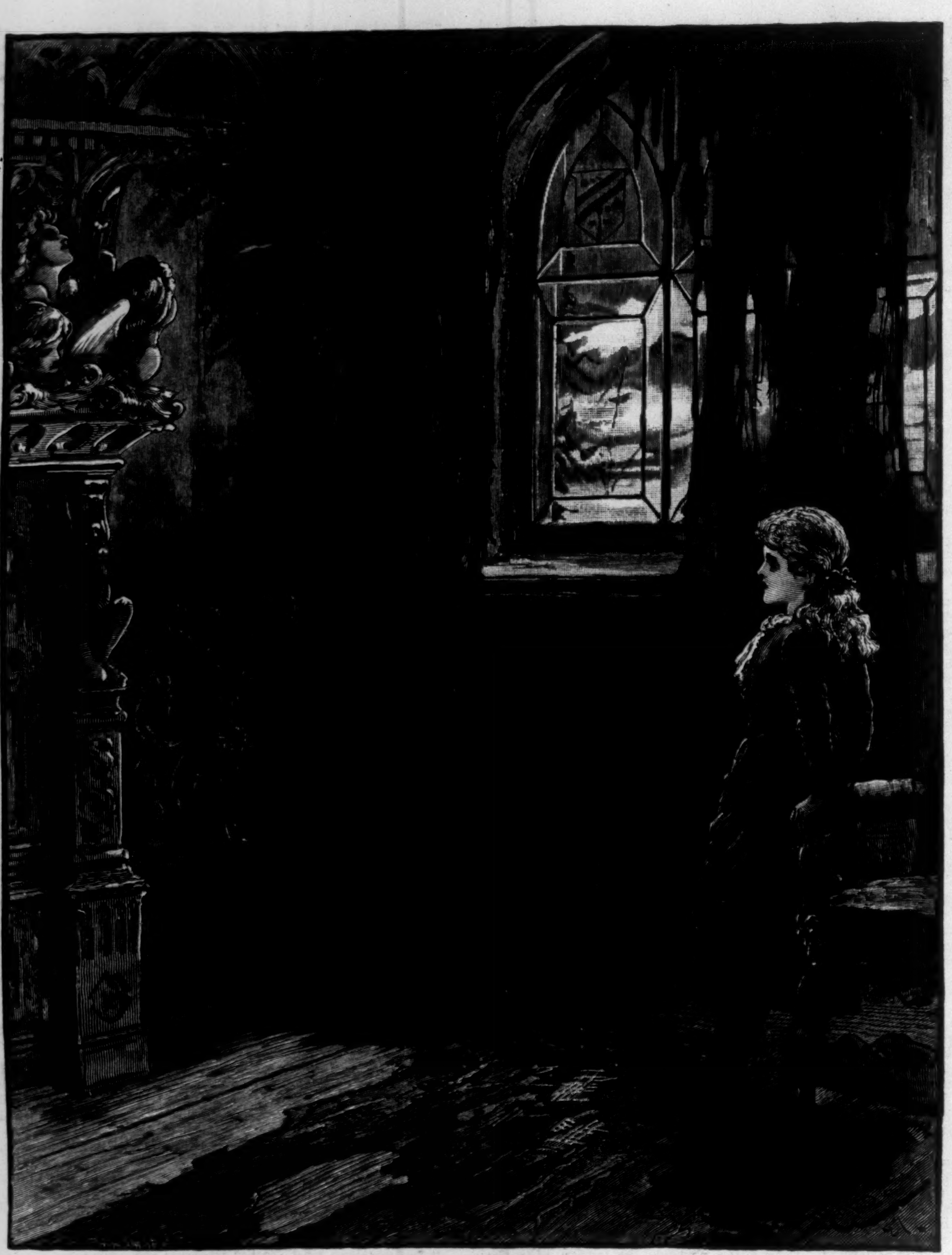
From two to fourteen years of age, Phœbe may be said to have grown up almost in loneliness. Her father rarely noticed her, and Mrs. Pamflett, a peculiar, strange, and silent woman, evinced no desire for her society. The child's nature was sweet and susceptible enough to have given an ample return for proffered affection, and, although she was not at the time aware of it (such speculations being too profound for her young mind), she had great cause for gratitude that her life was not entirely deprived of it. It has unhappily often happened that sweet waters have been turned bitter by unsympathetic contact, and this might have been the case with our Phœbe, had it not been for Mrs. Lethbridge and Tom Barley. Mrs. Lethbridge had made herself so loved by her niece that her visits came to be eagerly looked forward to by the girl, and to be all the more enjoyed because they were rare. Her love for

the child was manifested as much, if not more, in her absence than in her presence. When Phœbe could read or spell through written hand, Mrs. Lethbridge wrote letters to her, to which the child replied. Phœbe's letters were slipped unstamped in the post-office by Tom Barley, and for a long time she was not aware of the unfair expense to which her aunt was being put, and for which Miser Farebrother alone was responsible. Mrs. Lethbridge never mentioned it to her niece. Then there were the books which Mrs. Lethbridge brought or sent—a source of so much delight and exquisite enjoyment that the remembrance of those youthful days was with Phœbe a sweet remembrance through all her life.

Living in a certain sense alone in a great mansion, it is not to be wondered at that a current of romance was formed in the young girl's nature. Neglected and uncared for as she was by those immediately about her, there was no restriction upon her movements through the old house. Certain rooms were prohibited to her, Mrs. Pamflett's room and her father's bedroom, which served also as an office. To this latter apartment, when she passed fourteen years of age, Phœbe was sometimes called—otherwise she was forbidden to enter it. With these exceptions she was free to wander whither she would, and she would often pass hours together in a room never occupied by the household, and which had an irresistible fascination for her. It was of octagonal shape, and there were faded paintings on the walls and rotting tapestries. Originally it was most likely used as a library, for it contained bookcases and large pieces of furniture, a table, two secretaries, and a huge chair, so heavy that Phœbe could not even move it. The carvings about the room and upon the furniture were strangely grotesque—fantastic heads and faces, animals such as were never seen in nature, and uncouth forms of men which had no existence save in the feverish imaginations of the designers. These contorted shapes and grotesque faces might have been supposed to be sufficiently repulsive to cause a sensitive child to avoid them, but in truth they were in themselves an attraction to Phœbe, who discovered no terrors in them to affright her. There was, however, in the room an attraction of a more congenial kind, in which grace, harmony, proportion, and a most exquisite beauty were conspicuous. High up in a corner, opposite a window which faced the west, was a carving of angels' heads, hanging over, as it were, and looking down upon the spectator. Devoid of natural color as they were, so grand and wondrous had been the skill of the carver that it was as though a multitude of joyous, rosy-cheeked children were bending down to obtain a view of a scene as delightful as they themselves presented. The lips smiled, the eyes sparkled, the faces beamed with life. This marvel, cut out of brown wood, was, indeed, something more than the perfection of art and grace—it was an enchantment which made the heart glad to behold. And in the evening, when the effulgent radiances of a glorious sunset shone upon the wonder and played about it, touching the dainty faces with alluring light, it filled even the soul of our young child with a holy joy.

This was Phœbe's favorite room; and here she would sit and read, and sometimes stand, with folded hands, looking upward at the enchanting group, with the sunset's colors upon them; and in her eyes would dwell a rapture which made her as lovely as the fairest of the faces she gazed upon. Thus she grew up to a graceful and beautiful womanhood, encompassed by sweet and grand imaginings which purified her soul.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"HIGH UP IN A CORNER WAS A CARVING OF ANGELS' HEADS."

THE AGRICULTURAL EXPOSITION BUILDING IN COURSE OF ERECTION AT KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.—Drawn from the Architect's Plans.—[See Page 490.]

FIELD MANŒUVRES OF THE TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT AT BERGEN FARM, LONG ISLAND.—DRAWN BY F. V. DU MOND.—[SEE PAGE 494.]

A SOUTHERN BARBECUE.—FROM A SKETCH BY HORACE BRADLEY.—[SEE PAGE 487.]

A PRACTICE BATTLE.

A FIELD manœuvre of practical value was very successfully carried out by the Twenty-third Regiment, of Brooklyn, on the afternoon of June 26. Assembled at the armory under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel BACON, the regiment was divided into three battalions, under Major C. E. WATERS, Captain E. DE FOREST, and Captain A. C. SMITH respectively. A body of skirmishers was formed by a small detail from each company, under the command of Captain H. EVERDELL. On leaving the armory the day's work began immediately by marching through the streets as if in the presence of the enemy, skirmishers being thrown out both to the front and the rear, with others deployed on the flanks. The main body advanced in close column of companies, the ammunition wagon being guarded on either side by troops marching by the flank. The street drill was further improved by aimings and simulated firings at roofs and windows, and also at street crossings, as if rioters were disputing the advance. The skirmishers had more room for their work when the line of march reached Washington Park, into which they were deployed.

Cars then took the command toward the field selected for the main manœuvres, which was the Bergen Farm, a portion of the scene of the battle fought on Long Island in August, 1776, nearly 111 years ago. The ground is rough and undulating, and well suited to the practice desired. Quitting the cars, Major WATERS advanced with his battalion to seize a commanding position on the most elevated ground, throwing out skirmishers in so doing. Having established himself on the heights, he advanced outposts, which in turn sent out picket guards. Soon the remaining battalions, under Colonel BACON, acting as an attacking party, approached, and their skirmishers were not long in driving back the pickets of the defence. A further advance compelled the retreat of the outposts, whose flanks were threatened by skirmishers, after a very vigorous resistance, during which there was rapid and continuous firing. When the defending forces had been driven upon their main line, which was on the crest of a hill whose approaches were partly protected by swampy ground, Colonel BACON made a strong demonstration against the left of the position, under cover of which he established first a skirmish line and then his main force, well concealed by the heavy undergrowth, on the opposite flank. Then a charge was made, and the supposed works carried on all sides. A movement of the entire regiment ensued, ending in a full line-of-battle formation, followed by "rations"; then a leisurely return ended a day of hard work and thorough enjoyment. The Brooklyn contingent of the State National Guard has obtained a well-merited distinction for its attention to field manœuvres, and the performance of the Twenty-third was a fine example of regimental practice engagements.

BREAKING DOWN AND BUILDING UP.

WHEN a man breaks down in the matter of physical strength, the question of its recovery depends in great measure upon the length of time he allows to elapse before adopting medicinal means to recuperate it. A tonic, which gives a speedy and powerful impulse to the processes of digestion and assimilation, is the best auxiliary he can employ, and he should resort to it promptly. The most reliable dependence of the feeble, the aged, and the nervous, has ever proved to be Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an invigorant of national reputation and proven worth, commended by medical men of distinction, not only for building up a broken-down system, but as a remedy for dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, fever and ague, and kidney trouble. While not claimed to be a panacea, it is a most useful and comprehensive household remedy. It is, moreover, eminently safe as well as effective.—[*Adv.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

FOR NERVOUS EXHAUSTION AND PARALYSIS.

DR. W. WEST, Belleville, Ill., says: "I have used Horsford's Acid Phosphate in so many diseases, and with so great satisfaction, that it is hard in a few lines to do justice to this elegant preparation. I particularly use and value it in the many forms of nerve exhaustion, paralysis and allied diseases, and also in indigestion."—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa***, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

SIOUX Indian Relics, Fossils, Minerals. 3000 Oregon Arrow-Heads. Catalogue Free. **L. W. STILLWELL, Deadwood, Dak.**

H. RIDER HAGGARD'S NEW STORY.

"ALLAN QUATERMAIN."

Authorized Edition.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,

Have Just Published.

I.

ALLAN QUATERMAIN: being an Account of his further Adventures and Discoveries in Company with Sir Henry Curtis, Bart., Commander John Good, R.N., and one Umslopogaas. By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Copiously Illustrated. 16mo, Half Cloth, 75 cents; Paper, 25 cents.

H. RIDER HAGGARD'S WORKS:

Neat Authorized Library Edition. 6 volumes, 16mo, Half Cloth, 75 cents each. "Allan Quatermain," Illustrated; "She," Illustrated; "King Solomon's Mines;" "Jess;" "Dawn;" "The Witch's Head."

II.

SEBASTOPOL. By Count LEO TOLSTOI. Translated by F. D. MILLET, from the French (*Scenes du Siége de Sebastopol*). With Introduction by W. D. HOWELLS. With Portrait. 16mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

III.

HORSEMANSHIP FOR WOMEN. By THEODORE H. MEAD. With 41 Illustrations by GRAY PARKER. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1.25.

RECENT NEW BOOKS.

BAR HARBOR DAYS. A Tale of Mount Desert. By MRS. BURTON HARRISON, Author of "Golden Rod: an Idyl of Mt. Desert," "Helen Troy," &c. Illustrated by HARRY FENN and W. H. HYDE. 16mo, Ornamental Cloth, $1.25.

THEIR PILGRIMAGE. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Richly Illustrated by C. S. REINHART. Post 8vo, Half Leather, $2.00.

Mr. Warner and Mr. Reinhart describe exquisitely with pen and pencil social features of life at the following Summer Resorts: Newport, Narragansett Pier, Martha's Vineyard, Plymouth, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Isles of Shoals, Bar Harbor, White Mountains, Lenox, Lake George, Saratoga, Richfield Springs, Niagara, The Thousand Isles, Long Branch, Cape May, Atlantic City, the Catskills, White Sulphur Springs, &c. A charming love-story holds the reader's interest from the first page to the last.

THE STORY OF THE EARTH AND MAN. By J. W. DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., Author of "The Origin of the World." New Edition, revised by the Author. With Twenty Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50.

A HUMBLE ROMANCE, AND OTHER (GREEN MOUNTAIN) STORIES. By MARY E. WILKINS. 16mo, Ornamental Cloth, $1.25.

MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD'S BOOK ON ETIQUETTE. *New and Enlarged Edition, Revised by the Author.* Manners and Social Usages. By MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD, Author of "A Transplanted Rose." 16mo, Extra Cloth, $1.25.

KEATS. By SIDNEY COLVIN. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents. The latest issue in "English Men of Letters."

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY.

LATEST ISSUES.

	CTS.
99 Dark Street. A Novel. By F. W. Robinson	15
The Present Position of European Politics. By Sir C. W. Dilke	20
A Choice of Chance. A Novel	20
A Lost Reputation. A Novel	15
Amor Vincit. By Mrs. Herbert Martin	20
Disappeared. By Sarah Tytler	15
To Call Her Mine. By Walter Besant. Ill'd	20
Marrying and Giving in Marriage. By Mrs. Molesworth	15
Next of Kin—Wanted. By Miss M. Betham-Edwards	20
In the Name of the Tzar. By J. Belford Dayne	15
Glow-Worm Tales. By James Payn	20
Garrison Gossip. By J. S. Winter	15
Amaryllis at the Fair. By Richard Jefferies	15
Knight-Errant. By Edna Lyall	20

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by HARPER & BROTHERS, *postpaid, to any part of the United States and Canada, on receipt of the price.*

HARPER & BROTHERS' CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of Ten Cents postage.*

THE GENUINE

JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT.

THE FAVORITE

TONIC and NUTRIENT,

recommended by Physicians since 1847, for

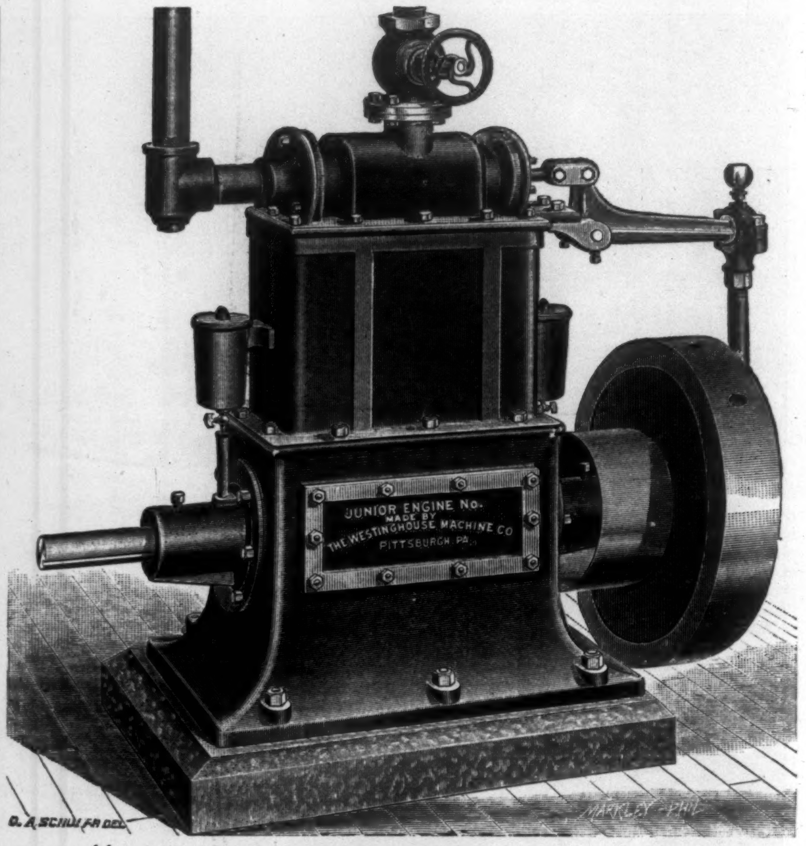
DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, NURSING MOTHERS and LUNG troubles.

The *genuine* has the signature of JOHANN HOFF AND MORITZ EISNER on the neck of every bottle.

EISNER & MENDELSON CO., PHILA.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U. S.

New York Depot, 11 Barclay St.



The "JUNIOR" AUTOMATIC ENGINE,

15, 25, AND 35 H. P. ONLY.

The Lowest-Priced Engine in the Market.

WELL BUILT AND SERVICEABLE.

The Westinghouse Machine Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sales Department for the United States Conducted by

WESTINGHOUSE, CHURCH, KERR & CO., 17 Cortlandt Street, N. Y., Hamilton Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO., - - - Chicago, Ill.	D. A. TOMPKINS & CO., - - - Charlotte, N. C.
FAIRBANKS & CO., - - - - St. Louis, Mo.	ROBERT MIDDLETON, - - - Mobile, Ala.
PARKE & LACY, - - - - San Francisco, Cal.	H. DUDLEY COLEMAN, - - - New Orleans, La.
UTAH & MONTANA MACHINERY CO., Salt Lake, Utah.	KEATING IMPLEMENT & MACHINE CO., - Dallas, Texas.
IRON BAY MANUFACTURING CO., - - Marquette, Mich.	

We offer great bargains in the **Emperor Double Barrel Breech-loading Shot Guns.** They are the **finest Guns ever sold** at the very low price at which we offer these. Do not buy a gun of any kind until you have seen our list, as we can save you money. Address at once for particulars.

CLAFLIN & CO., Duane Street, New York City, N. Y.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

(THE WORCESTERSHIRE)

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.

"Tell LEA & PERRINS' that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

SOUPS, GRAVIES, FISH, HOT & COLD MEATS, GAME, WELSH-RAREBITS, &c.

Lea & Perrins

Signature is on every bottle of the genuine.

JOHN DUNCANS' SONS, N. Y.,

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.

"**BOKER'S BITTERS,**" THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. **L. FUNKE, Jr.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, **78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.**

$5 **to $8 a day.** Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses' feet. Write BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

REGISTERED **"SANITAS"** TRADEMARK

The GREAT ENGLISH DISINFECTANT.

The First Requisite in all Dwellings.

The most POWERFUL and PLEASANT of all PREPARATIONS in use.

Fragrant, Non-poisonous, does not stain Linen.

"SANITAS" **Disinfecting Fluid,** for sprinkling about rooms, disinfecting linen, and general house use.

"SANITAS" **Disinfecting Powder,** a powerful and pleasant preparation for stables, kennels, ashbins, &c.

"SANITAS" **Crude Disinfecting Fluid,** a concentrated form of "Sanitas," to be diluted with water for flushing drains, &c.

"SANITAS" **Disinfecting Oil,** for fumigating sick rooms, treatment of throat complaints, rheumatism and ringworm.

"Sanitas" Disinfecting Toilet and Laundry Soaps, &c., &c.

THE REGULAR USE OF

"SANITAS," THE BEST DISINFECTANT, and Deodorant, is a sure preventive of all contagious and infectious diseases. It is invaluable in the sick room.

"A PEOPLE'S HEALTH IS A NATION'S WEALTH."

"SANITAS" IS NATURE'S DISINFECTANT.

To be had of all Druggists and of the

American & Continental "Sanitas" Co., Ltd.,

636–642 West 55th street, N. Y. city.

ASTHMA and ***HAY FEVER*** can be ***cured*** only by ***Dr. Hair's System.*** *64 Page Treatise sent Free.* **Dr. W. B. Hair, Cincinnati, O.**

A NATURAL INQUIRY.

"Henry, do you see that mound over there? Well, that's an Indian grave."

"Wal, Uncle George, was the Indian round?"

LITTLE DAVID'S FIREWORKS.

"Well, by Jove, this is the only one out of the whole collection that will even sizzle."

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS

Never fail to give speedy proof of their efficacy as the best-known external remedy for Weak Back, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Pulmonary and Kidney Difficulties, Malaria, Dyspepsia, Heart, Spleen, Liver, and Stomach Affections, Strains, and all Local Pains. They have been tested in thousands of cases, and their value has been attested by the highest medical authorities, as well as by voluntary and unimpeachable testimonials from thousands who have used them.

Do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

TRADE S.S.S. MARK

Mr. J. T. Graves, Editor of Jacksonville (Fla.), *Herald*, says: "S. S. S. has cured me of sciatic rheumatism of three years' standing."

Mr. M. T. Lamar, of Montgomery, Ala., says: "After suffering for 25 years with inflammatory rheumatism, $16 worth of S. S. S. cured me completely."

Mrs. C. A. Baily, of 17½ Blackstone St., Boston, Mass., says: "S. S. S. has cured me of Black Leprosy after being given up to die by physicians."

Mr. L. T. Clark, of 345 West 12th St., N. Y. City, says: "S. S. S. cured me of lung trouble which everybody called consumption."

Books on "Contagious Blood Poison" and on "Blood and Skin Diseases" mailed free.

For sale by all druggists.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

London Office: 35 Snow Hill, E. C.

THE REPORT OF THE
SEYBERT COMMISSION
ON
SPIRITUALISM.

Published Under the Auspices of the
University of Pennsylvania.

Coming from such a source, and from a Commission composed of honorable professional gentlemen, impressed with the seriousness of their undertaking, the Report cannot fail to prove highly interesting and valuable to all who wish to have their doubts removed (and who does not?) about this absorbing question.

Small Octavo. 160 pp. Bound in cloth, $1.00.

*** For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of the price, by
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Publishers, 715 and 717 Market St., Philadelphia.

PHONOGRAPHY OR PHONETIC SHORT HAND
Self-taught. Send for Catalog. Address The Phonographic Institute, Cincinnati.

GOLD-FILLED CHESHIRE WATCHES.

This cut represents our watch in a 10-k. Gold-Filled Case. A marvel of beauty and durability. Warranted an accurate time-keeper, and sold at a low price. Ask your jeweller for them, or write us for particulars.

The Cheshire Watch Co., Cheshire, Conn.

FELT TOOTH BRUSH.

Having all the advantages of the old bristle Tooth Brush and the following advantages over same:

More Cleanly—Perfect Polisher—No Loose Bristles—Non-Irritating to the Gums—Powdered Ready for Use—Endorsed by the Profession.

For sale by all dealers in toilet articles, or by mail for 60c. by THE HORSEY M'F'G CO., Utica, N. Y.

MAN Origin, Antiquity, Races, Customs, Religions, Superstitions, Civilization, etc. By G. D. Lind, M. D. **A library** on man in small space, (750 pp $3.50), **275 illustrations.** Superb style. **Highest endorsements. Agents try new plan.**
T. S. DENISON, 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

BABY'S SKIN & SCALP CLEANSED PURIFIED AND BEAUTIFIED BY CUTICURA.

FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING, AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great SKIN CURE, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, invariably succeed when all other remedies and the best physicians fail.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers, free from poisonous ingredients.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

VERG'S CORN REMEDY **A SURE CURE FOR CORNS**
One application relieves pain; several remove the cause. Sent by mail for Ten Cents (silver). Sold only by the
Verg Medicine Company,
6 EAST BROAD ST., COLUMBUS, O.

No. 14013 S. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, COPYRIGHT OFFICE, WASHINGTON.

To wit: BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the 28th day of May, Anno Domini 1887, BENJAMIN VAUGHAN ABBOTT, LYMAN ABBOTT, AUSTIN ABBOTT, and EDWARD ABBOTT, of the United States, have deposited in this office the title of a Book, the title or description of which is in the following words, to wit:

STORIES OF RAINBOW AND LUCKY. By JACOB ABBOTT. New York: Harper & Brothers.

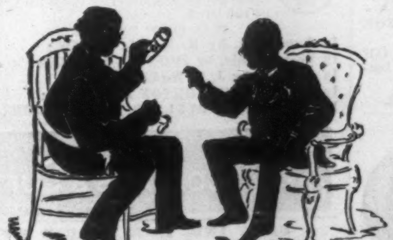
The right whereof they claim as Proprietors, in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting copyrights.
A. R. SPOFFORD,
Librarian of Congress

In renewal for 14 years from November 21, 1887, when the first term of 28 years will have expired.

EAT WHAT YOU PLEASE

by using Olmsted's Dyspepsia Cure. It is a purely vegetable extract, contains no mineral substance whatever, and will not affect unfavorably the most delicate stomach. We guarantee a cure, or refund money. If you cannot obtain it of druggist, will send full-size bottle, first time, express prepaid, on receipt of $1.00. Mention paper.

W. C. LEWIS MED. CO., Elk Rapids, Mich.



A Natural Question.

The Question is often asked: *why* is **WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK** superior to any other?
BECAUSE, the Lather is more Rich and Lasting, Mild and Soothing, and **WILL NOT DRY ON THE FACE.**
This can be said of no other Shaving Stick. For Sale by Druggists, or sent post-paid by the Manufacturers, for 25cts., in Stamps or Currency.
The J. B. Williams Co. Glastonbury, Ct.
FOR 50 YEARS MAKERS OF FAMOUS "GENUINE YANKEE SHAVING SOAP."

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. For Improved and Economic Cookery.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Only sort guaranteed GENUINE by Baron Liebig.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. The Finest Meat-flavoring Stock. USE it for Soups, Sauces, and Made Dishes.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Efficient TONIC in all cases of Weakness and Digestive Disorders.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Highly recommended as a Nightcap instead of alcoholic drinks.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. GENUINE ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in blue ink across label.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole agents for the United States (wholesale only). C. David & Co., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by JAMES P. SMITH, PARK & TILFORD, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, THURBER, WHYLAND, & CO., FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO., CHAS. N. CRITTENTON, W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

LYON & HEALY
STATE & MONROE STS., CHICAGO,
will mail, free, their newly enlarged Catalogue of Band Instruments, Uniforms and Equipments, 400 Fine Illustrations describing every article required by Bands or Drum Corps, including Repairing Materials, Trimmings, etc.
Contains Instructions for Amateur Bands, Exercises and Scales, Drum Major's Tactics, By-Laws, and a Selected List of Band Music.

SEA-SHORE COTTAGE, for Working Women, at **North Long Branch,** will open June 15th. Apply daily from 11 to 1 o'clock and from 7 to 9 o'clock (except Saturday evenings) at the

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,
No. 7 East 15th St., New York.

TO STOUT PEOPLE.

OBESITY easily, pleasantly and certainly cured, without hardship or nauseating drugs.

A valuable treatise, showing how fat can be destroyed (not merely lessened) and the cause removed, together with the prescription, advice, and full explanation HOW TO ACT, sent in plain, sealed envelope, on receipt of four stamps. "The only common sense work on corpulency ever issued."—*Med. Review*
Address E. K. LYNTON, 19 Park Place, New York.

LEGS **AND ARMS** (Artificial) with *Rubber Hands and Feet.* Most natural, comfortable, and durable. *New patents and important improvements.* Illustrated pamphlet of 160 pages sent free.
A. A. MARKS, 701 Broadway, New York.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.
Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

No. 14012 S. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, COPYRIGHT OFFICE, WASHINGTON.

To wit: BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the 28th day of May, Anno Domini 1887, BENJAMIN VAUGHAN ABBOTT, LYMAN ABBOTT, AUSTIN ABBOTT, and EDWARD ABBOTT, of the United States, have deposited in this Office the title of a Book, the title or description of which is in the following words, to wit:

HISTORY OF PETER THE GREAT, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA. By JACOB ABBOTT. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The right whereof they claim as Proprietors, in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting copyrights.
A. R. SPOFFORD,
Librarian of Congress.

In renewal for 14 years from October 4, 1887, when the first term of 28 years will have expired.